# Saturday Review

ULY 17, 1954 / 20¢

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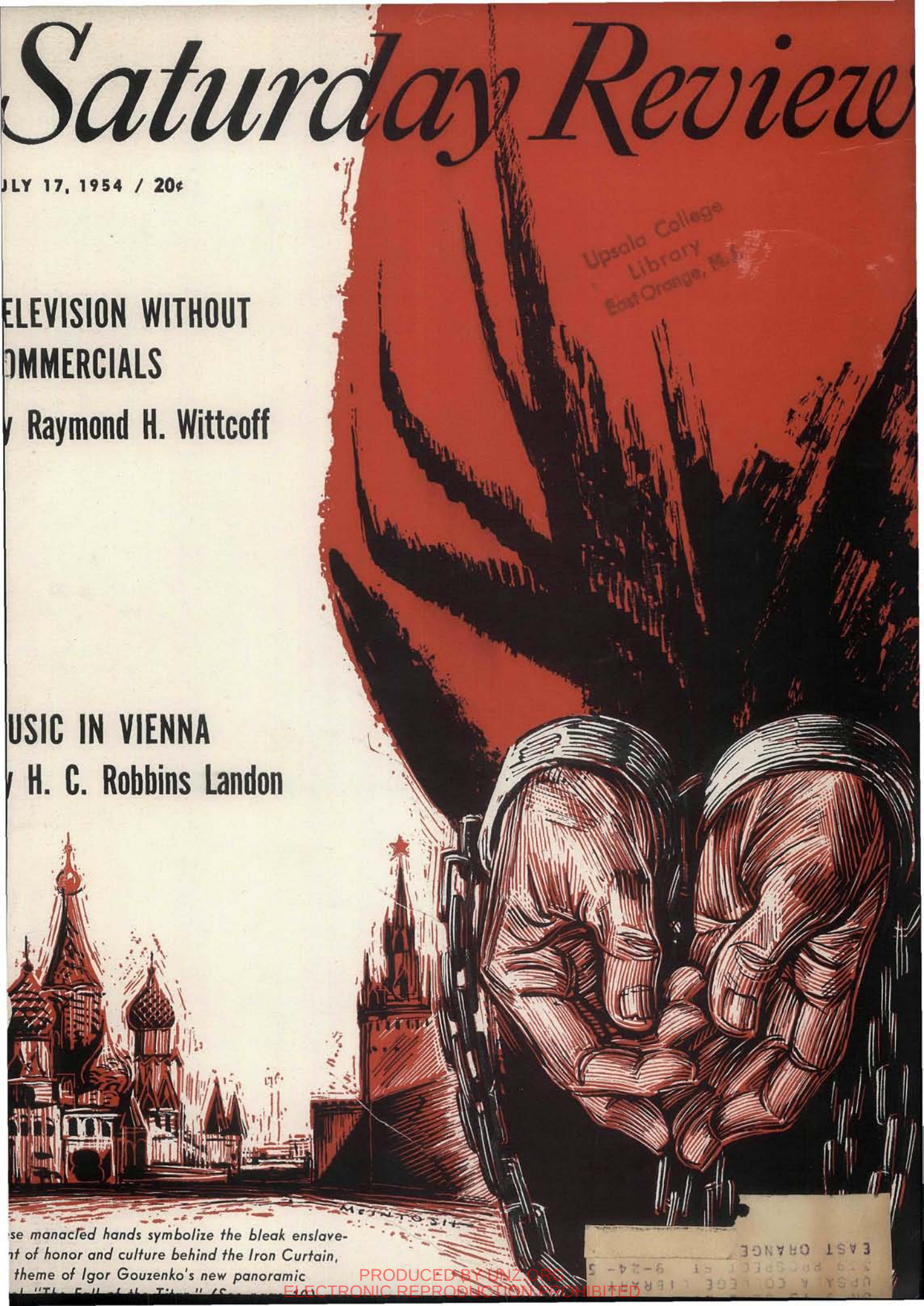
## ELEVISION WITHOUT OMMERCIALS

y Raymond H. Wittcoff

## USIC IN VIENNA

y H. C. Robbins Landon



*se manacled hands symbolize the bleak enslave-*
*nt of honor and culture behind the Iron Curtain,*
*theme of Igor Gouzenko's new panoramic*

EAST ORANGE

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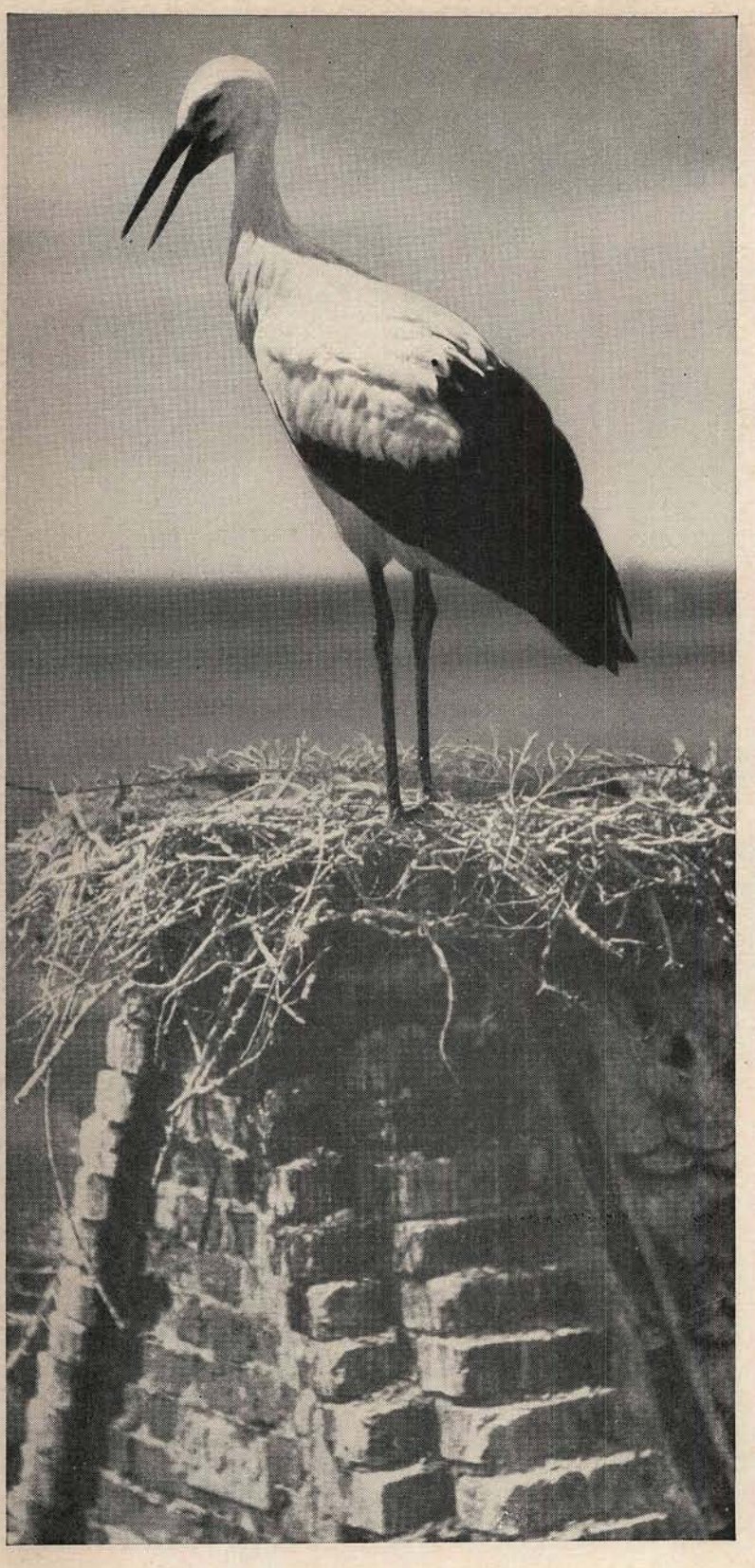

# This bird means business!

## (He makes 11,000 calls every day, delivers 4,000,000 babies a year!)

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He established the all-time record last year when he delivered almost four million babies in the U.S.A. Four million—that's about 11,000 new customers every single day!

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1. **We have more jobs**—Even though employment in some areas has fallen off, we still have twenty million more jobs than we had in 1939. Nine times more Americans are in the $5,000-plus income bracket than in 1941!
2. **We have more money**—In spite of inflation and higher prices, the American people have over twice as much spending power now as they had in 1940.
3. **We have more savings**—Individual savings in America rose from $68.5 billion in 1940 to about $250 billion in 1953.
4. **We have more farm output**—52% more per man-hour than we had in 1940—and this in spite of a net shift of almost six million away from farms since that year!
5. **We have more leisure time**—Forty million Americans now get paid vacations—a great boon to the hotel and transportation business, to the sports, entertainment and hobby fields.
6. **We'll soon have atomic energy** driving locomotives, planes, power plants. Barring war, the atomic age should be America's greatest age!
7. **We have a $500 billion backlog of needs** that must be filled. We need $40 billion for schools . . . $60 billion for highways . . . $100 billion for housing . . . $300 billion for durable equipment. All this we need and more—much more!

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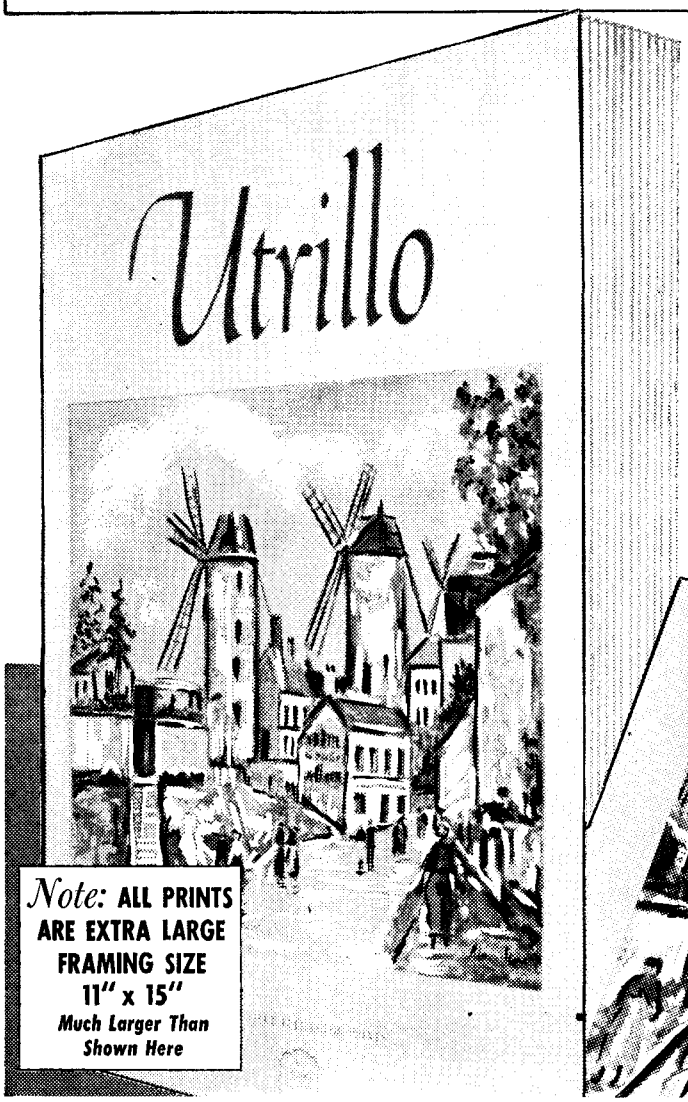


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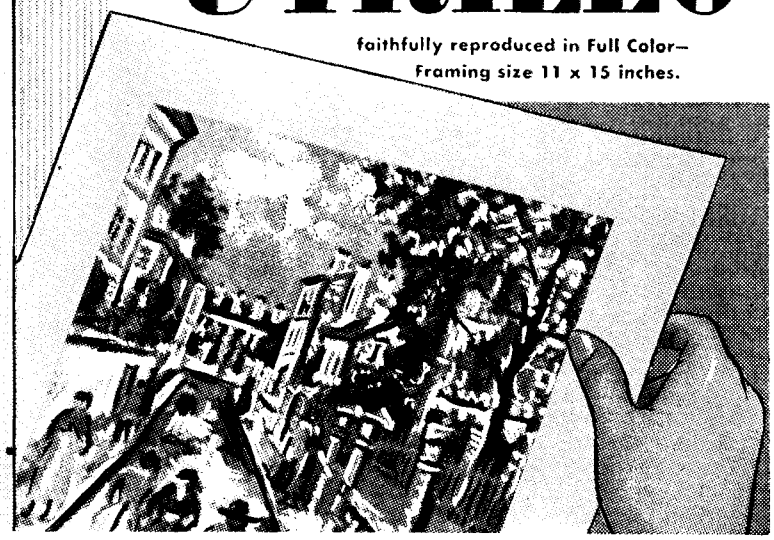

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What books are you planning to read this summer? "War and Peace"? Gibbon? Dante's "Paradiso" in Italian? I've queried my friends on this subject, and these are some of their answers.

Many readers keep to their regular program in the summer. Others, contradicting the old theory about "hammock reading," try to catch up on the serious books they missed last winter.

But it is a sad fact that many a Great Book started enthusiastically in July turns up after Labor Day under a pile of wet bathing suits, with a book mark still in chapter two.

My own recommendation for this summer is the new book, "Back of History: The Story of Our Own Origins," by William Howells.

Howells is a Professor of Anthropology and so writes with authority. He is also the grandson of William Dean Howells and so writes with real literary style.

In "Back of History" he has the most interesting subject of all—the story of your own family, mankind. And this story, like any good family story, makes fascinating reading as it covers the human background from the earliest cave dweller to the latest pushbutton kitchen.

"Back of History," then, is my choice. But as a publisher I'm more interested in what *you* read this summer. That's why I'd like you to drop me a card or letter saying what you have read or plan to read. For the most interesting and useful replies, I will give $5 book certificates which you can exchange at your bookseller's for your autumn reading fare.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Back of History" ($5.00), by William Howells, is published by Doubleday. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including those in New York's Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations, handy for outward-bound vacationists. Letters about summer reading should be sent to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. Winners of the book certificates will be notified by mail.

(Advertisement)


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JULY 17, 1954

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh


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# TRADE Winds

**"THERE WAS A LETTER** in one of the New York papers not long ago," writes P. G. Wodehouse in the *English Digest*, "which made an interesting suggestion. It was at the time when Senator McCarthy was burning books. The writer thoroughly approved of this, all American books being, in his opinion, very suitable material for burning. And he added: 'I suggest furthermore that Mr. McCarthy burn each year on top of the pile seven book reviewers chosen at random by drawing straws.'

"There," concluded Mr. Wodehouse, "spoke a man who had suffered. I suppose some critic had been writing a lot of rot about his facetiousness and lack of wit and even vocabulary."

**MENTION OF SENATOR McCARTHY** (how his name does keep popping up!) calls to mind the innovation of forthright Gerald Chittenden, of the Borrowdale Bookshop in Edgartown, Mass. Mr. Chittenden features a display unequivocally labeled "The Anti-McCarthy Table," including such books as "Areopagitica," by John Milton, "The Federalist," "The Education of Henry Adams," "The Constitution of the U.S.," "It Can't Happen Here," "Nineteen-Eighty-four," "Brave New World," "The Age of Suspicion," "But We Were Born Free," Griswold's "Essays on Education," Oxnam's "I Protest," Highet's "Man's Unconquerable Mind," and Agar's "A Declaration of Faith." Sales to date: brisk. Protests: none.

**EDGARTOWN IS ONE OF THE** places that provided Eleanor Early with material for her off-beat "New England Cook Book," which contains not only a prize recipe for Cape Cod Clam Chowder (a dish fit for the gods!), but such intriguing tidbits as Rum Tum Tiddy, Harwich Hermits, Deacon Porter's Hat, and Snickerdoodles.

Miss Early barged into her hotel room in Boston the other day in something of a rush and surprised a chambermaid with a copy of the cookbook before her, scribbling away like mad. She explained she had been hearing so much about Snickerdoodles on the radio, she simply *had* to copy down the recipe. (In case you don't know, Snickerdoodles are cookies with cinnamon, and among those least able to resist them are columnists and their thirteen- and eight-year-old sons).

***NEWSDAY*, ALICIA PATTERSON'S LUSTY** Long Island tabloid, which spares no expense in snagging the cream of commentators and columnists for its readers, has added a book reviewer in the person of Siegfried Mandel, sometime scribe for our own *SR*. . . . Editor of the new and masterly H. Allen Smith anthology for Hanover House is Bergen Evans, wit and scholar in his own right, and moderator of the superior TV quiz program "Down You Go." . . . Incidentally, Steve Allen, "What's My Line" panelist, is also toiling over a book. Bet it will be funny! . . . The most hilarious script I've come across myself in a long, long time is the work of a newcomer: "No Time for Sergeants," by Mac Hyman. It is scheduled for October publication (a BOMC selection), and it's my prediction it will sweep the country.

Beacon Press expects fireworks when George Stoddard's "Krebiozen: The Great Cancer Hoax" is published in November. Stoddard was forced out of the presidency of the U. of Illinois, it is claimed, by trustees who resented his adamant refusal to endorse the use of the controversial drug in University clinics. . . . Lloyd Lewis had completed only one volume of his projected four-volume biography of U. S. Grant before his untimely death. Little, Brown now announces that the work will be carried on by Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award winner Bruce Catton.

**ANCHOR BOOKS HAS CELEBRATED** its first birthday, with sales of 600,000 copies racked up. Knopf's Vintage Books will soon be on display, and now Noonday Press, at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, plans to enter the fracas with a series called Crescent Books—sixteen soft-bound but sewn books a year to retail between $1.25 and $1.65. First titles will include Herbert Read's "The Philosophy of Modern Art," Evelyn Underhill's "Mysticism," and Jacob Burckhardt's "Force and Freedom." . . .

**OGDEN NASH HAS RECOVERED** from a mild attack of chickenpox. He was working on an anthology of children's verse when he caught it. "That's what I get," he grumbled, "for fooling with a kid's book." . . . Another ailing author drew a ravishing beauty for a nurse. According to his own chart, "The nurse first held my pulse, then she advanced my pulse, finally she repulsed my advance." . . . Robb White, back from Europe, confesses he is bushed. "It wasn't the ardors of traveling," he hastens to explain. "Just washing out those nylon shirts!" . . . A number of years ago Helen Knowland, wife of Senate Majority Leader William F. Knowland, wrote a genteel murder novel titled "Madame Baltimore." The pocket-magazine people have picked it up, making only one slight alteration

"This will be fine."

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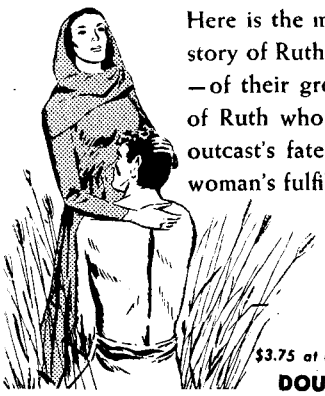

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*Around the World*

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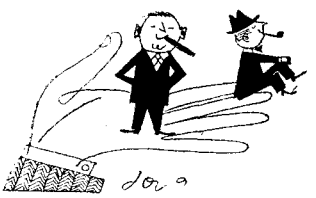
in the title. *They* call it "Baltimore Madame." . . . H. Russell Austin, whose puns are so awful he's becoming known as the "Milwaukee Ben Huebsch," is compiling a whole new mystery library of his own, beginning with "Trigger Mortis," "Corpus Delectable," "Just Around the Coroner," "End of the Frail," and "Mona Lethal." The murderess in the last one, explains Russell, turns out to be an artist's model. . . . Poster impresario Michael Gross rates inclusion in this paragraph, too, with his news of an agent named Campbell whose sole



function consists of furnishing midgets and dwarfs to act as supernumeraries in motion pictures. The sign on his door, quite naturally, reads "Campbell's Condensed Supes."

**W. H. SMITH AND SON,** pre-eminent English booksellers, who invaded the Canadian field in 1950 by opening a model shop in Toronto, have expanded Dominion operations with the purchase of the well-known Burton's Ltd. establishments in Montreal and Ottawa. General manager of Smith's in Canada is E. H. Williamson. . . . The Montrealer tells of a customer coming out of Burton's and being brushed aside by two gentlemen so intent upon their conversation that they were not even aware of his existence. They were visitors from the U.S., it transpired, and they were agreeing vehemently that Montreal wasn't all it was cracked up to be. "What's so foreign about this place?" grumbled one. "It distinctly said in the folder this was the 'Paris of the New World.' Far as I'm concerned it might as well be Philadelphia!"

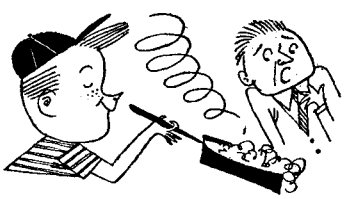
The customer from Burton's did the best he could under the circumstances. Sidling quickly up to the pair from the States, he slipped his hand into his pocket and ogled, "Feelthy pictures? You buy some dirty postcards?"

The visitors favored him with a withering look, and hurriedly walked on. There was a new spring in their step, however.

**LIBRARIANS AT THE TOLEDO** Public Library established the fine on a book that turned up the other day at $263—but since there was no record to indicate who took the book out in 1882, the matter remained academic. The title was "David Crockett: His Life and Adventures," published at one dollar a copy, and retrieved from the collection of the late Antone Zeitler. A note in the back carried the stern warning that a fine would be levied if the book was not returned within a fortnight. . . . Toledo will be in the literary spotlight again just after Labor Day, when Grove Patterson, well-loved editor of the *Toledo Blade* for a full half century, publishes his memoirs, aptly named "I Like People." . . . Ernest Gann, author of "The High and the Mighty," promises to hit the jackpot again with his next novel, "Soldier of Fortune," already tapped by Twentieth Century-Fox as a prospective vehicle for Clark Gable. . . . Irv Kupcinet reports a character in Chicago who evidently has been watching "Dragnet" on TV too often. He goes around informing all and sundry, "My name is Sergeant Saturday. I overslept!" . . . Budd Schulberg is transforming his powerful screenplay "On the Waterfront" into novel form. He thought the picture version might be a bit strong for his nine-year-old son, but the boy declared firmly, "I'm going to see it—and I don't care *what* the movie critic of *Parent's Magazine* says about it, either."

**NEIL MORGAN, SAN DIEGO** columnist, is a neighbor of Ted "Dr. Seuss" Geisel, the distinguished author and helicopter authority. Whenever a youngster Neil knows celebrates a birthday he religiously presents him with a copy of Ted's "Scrambled Eggs Super."

One recipient's imagination was so fired by Geisel's text that he marched out to the kitchen and whipped up some scrambled eggs of his own. Known ingredients were four eggs, a box of stale marshmallows, a bowl of



prunes, a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, a dash of Ajax Cleanser, and everything else he could find in the icebox.

The concoction finished, the young chef marched straight over to Ted Geisel's house with it, and presented it with a flourish. Geisel, furthermore, was not the man to disappoint a youngster so obviously bent on doing him homage. "This wonderful dish is too rich for my blood," said Ted modestly. "We'll just save it as a treat for my publisher."

—Bennett Cerf.

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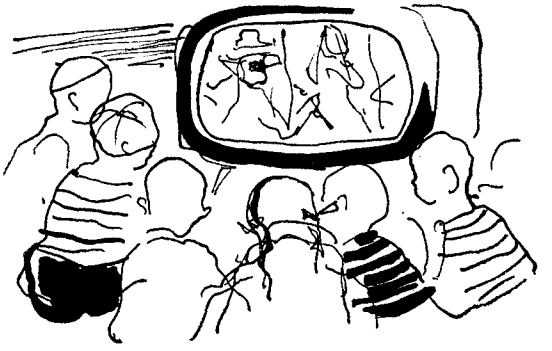
# TELEVISION *Without Commercials*



By RAYMOND H. WITTCOFF

*Over a year ago the FCC allotted a certain number of TV wavelengths for noncommercial stations. The first of these are already in operation and many more are on the way. In this article Raymond H. Wittcoff, chairman of the National Citizens Committee for Educational Television, explains what noncommercial TV can and cannot accomplish, warns of pitfalls it must avoid, and describes how various communities are working to create their own local television stations.*

THE pros and cons of UNESCO were being discussed on a Houston television station by members of the Bar Association and the University of Houston Law Faculty. Time ran out just as the participants were tackling a critical issue. The moderator, Dean White of the Law School, looked past the camera into the program director's booth and made an impromptu request for an additional fifteen minutes. Since none of this station's time was sold for commercials, the program director was free to give the dean the time he needed. The discussion of UNESCO was not limited by a commitment to sell soup, soap, or cigarettes. This happened the first night that the nation's first noncommercial television station was on the air.

Since that time noncommercial educational television has become a going concern in Amercia. Noncommercial stations are now on the air in Houston, Los Angeles, East Lansing, Pittsburgh, and Madison. St. Louis, San Francisco, and Cincinnati plan to start very soon, and by the end of the year a score of noncommercial stations are scheduled to be on the air. Organized support for educational television is developing in over one hundred communities across the land.

If the high purposes which have inspired the building of these stations are fulfilled, history may record that in 1954 there was born in this country a great and powerful instrument destined to enrich the lives of millions of Americans. But if these purposes are not clearly understood or adequately supported by the communities which the stations serve, the whole movement may die aborning. The fact that the stations will be noncommercial means that they cannot be supported through the sale of advertising; the purpose of the programs will not be to entice the largest possible audience to buy this or that product. But, unless the program planning is informed by real strength and clarity of purpose, noncommercial television may merely provide us with a new species of triviality minus the advertising. Unless the stations are well-financed and responsibly controlled, they may encounter pitfalls which are as deep as their purposes are high.

When the Federal Communications Commission set aside television channels in 250 communities for noncommercial educational use no specific plan for their operation was prescribed. Local communities were given considerable discretion to make their own plans consistent with a few basic FCC rules. Consequently, diverse approaches to organization structure, financing, and program planning have been developing. This reliance on local initiative allows for the kind of vigorous experimentation which has always been a source of strength to American educational institutions.

WHILE we may expect marked differences among the stations in their program schedules, all of them seem to be committed to an emphasis during daytime hours on programs for children (both in-school and after-school) and in the evenings to adult-education and community-service programs.

It would be hard to exaggerate the impact of television on the children. One prominent educator expressed the opinion recently that among those

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environmental factors which mold the minds and emotions of youngsters television should be rated in influence second only to their parents and ahead of church and school. A survey in Cincinnati showed that twelve- and thirteen-year-olds were watching television thirty hours per week and were spending twenty-five hours in the classroom. And isn't it possible that more attention per hour is concentrated on some television sets than on some teachers?

Starting on Christmas Day 1952 a committee of mothers in the suburb of Wilmette on Chicago's North Shore watched every children's program on commercial television for a solid week. They reported seventy-seven murders, fifty shootings, thirty gunfights, seven kidnappings, fifty-nine fistfights, two knifings, twenty-two sluggings, three whiplashings, two poisonings, two bombings, three murders by poison darts, a man hit over the head with a shovel, a man killed by a train, an attempted lynching, a man clawed by a tiger, a suicide, a girl locked in a vault, a boy beaten by his uncle, a man thrown over a cliff, three men locked in a safe, and a man blown up in an ammunition dump.

The children seem to take all of this very seriously. The press carried a report the other day of one brave little boy who smashed his television set by throwing a vase at the screen just in time to prevent an untoward event.

PLATO suggested that we "should endeavor to direct the children's inclinations and pleasures, by the help of amusements, to their final aim in life. . . . The soul of the child in his play should be guided to its love of that sort of excellence in which when he grows up to manhood he will have to be perfected." He said that this was "the most important part of education." If anyone with the wisdom of Plato would observe how we are now amusing our children (television is now their principal form of amusement) he would have to conclude that the final aim of our lives is to become smart consumers of the right brands of merchandise and to acquire excellence in the arts of brutality and frivolity.

Educational television stations will seek to provide alternatives to some of the programs the children now see in after-school hours. There have been some splendid programs on commercial stations which prove that television can be used to entertain the children in a healthy and constructive way. One aim of the children's programs on the educational stations will be to drive the youngsters away from the television sets by interesting them in games, reading, hobbies, crafts, and nature lore.

In-school television will be an important part of the noncommercial stations' service. Television sets are being installed in many elementary- and secondary-school classrooms to receive programs produced especially for the schools. In estimating the potential value of in-school television it would be well to avoid the extremes of overenthusiasm and fearful skepticism which usually greet the introduction of a new force in an old institution. Television sets will not take the place of live teachers whose personal relationships with small groups of students will always be the heart of the educational process. Nor will television replace motion-picture film projectors in certain classroom situations where they may be used more advantageously. The school administrators' vision of the important uses to which in-school television may be put should not be dimmed by the scheduling problems that will arise.

Television can be used to extend enormously the range of influence of those few teachers who have the precious power to lift the minds and hearts of children. Students in a hundred classrooms may be favored simultaneously by an inspired reading of a Shakespearean sonnet or an interpretation of a significant event in American history done by an unusually gifted teacher. Perhaps some teachers will be prompted to improve themselves by the examples of excellence in teaching which television will project into their rooms. Through the in-school television service children in all of the schools can be taken together on field trips or to see scientific demonstrations or to attend important civic events or to visit with interesting persons who are in the city. They will be prepared for more responsible citizenship if during their youth they are given a clearer picture of the community and its problems.

IT IS in the planning of the adult-education and community-service programs, however, that the new stations face their most critical test. One of the things which should distinguish noncommercial television is the assumption that there *are* adults.

The free community imposes burdens on its citizens in proportion to the blessings it confers. Because we are free we must bear the burden of directing our own lives and participating in the direction of the state. Our freedom is becoming increasingly burdensome on both counts; as our society becomes more complex the judgments demanded of us as citizens become more difficult; as more leisure becomes available to us through shorter working hours and increased longevity we find it harder to know what to do with our lives. If we are to be good citizens and happy men, a lifetime of learning and continuous growth is required of us. Just as we do violence to ourselves

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# POOR PILGRIM, POOR STRANGER

William March: "Life is an adventure with an ending."

By ROBERT TALLANT, *author of "Mr. Preen's Salon," "Love and Mrs. Candy," and other novels of and about New Orleans.*

THERE was a sheet of paper in his typewriter. At the top of it he had typed the heading "Poor Pilgrim, Poor Stranger," and beneath it he had written this paragraph:

> The time comes in the life of each of us when we realize that death awaits us as it awaits others, that we will receive at the end neither preference nor exemption. It is then, in that disturbed moment, that we know life is an adventure with an ending, not a succession of bright days that go on forever. Sometimes the knowledge comes with repudiation and quick revolt that such injustice awaits us, sometimes with fear that dries the mouth and closes the eyes for an instant, sometimes with servile weariness, an acquiescence more dreadful than fear. The knowledge that my own end was near came with pain, and afterwards astonishment; with the conventional heart attack, from which, I've been told, I've made an excellent recovery.

So did William March describe, probably as well as any man can, his reactions to his own death. For he did not make that excellent recovery. Early in the morning of May 15, 1954, presumably within the same day's cycle during which, a writer to the end, he put down the words above, another heart attack occurred.

Hours before Robert Clark, an artist friend, who occupied an apartment in the same house, found the paper in the typewriter he found Bill March. Sleeping in a room directly above March's bedroom, Clark awoke at five-thirty and heard Bill turn over in his bed. At eight o'clock he came downstairs and went into Bill's room. Bill lay with his face buried in his pillow. Afterwards it was decided that he had been dead about an hour. Within a short time after that there was excitement in Dumaine Street in the New Orleans Vieux Carré. First doctors came, then police sirens whined through the narrow street, and at last came the coroner's men. The curious neighbors crowded in front of the cottage as Bill March was carried out, a naked white foot protruding from beneath the white sheet with which the rest of his body was covered.

To many people it seemed a good way to die, quietly in bed, in all probability in his sleep. To many people who knew Bill March it seemed a good *time* to die. His last book, "The Bad Seed," was a success as novels go, perhaps more successful than any book he had written. It had received glowing reviews; it was on the *Herald Tribune* best-seller list; it was listed in the "And Bear in Mind" department of *The New York Times* Sunday book section. A few critics had even called "The Bad Seed" an American classic of its kind. Alistair Cooke had said that William March ". . . is the unrecognized genius of our time." Moreover, Bill had known all this and it had made him happy. It did not matter that in private conversation he had been heard to say that he thought "The Bad Seed" was the worst book he had ever written. What seemed most important to him was that within the last few years he had accomplished what might be called a writing comeback after a decade of writing almost nothing.

ALSO it seemed to many persons that Bill March's life had been both full and successful. At sixty years of age he was wealthy. He had not made his money as an author, to be sure, but his writing had brought him fame in critical circles, with readers of the sort whose approval mattered most to him, and among other writers. There is even a possibility that it may be an enduring fame. His admirers have remained persistent. They recall short stories he wrote twenty-five years ago. He knew that this was so. For instance, when Martha Foley included none of his work in her "Best of the Best" there were protests to

(*Continued on page* 33)

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# The Silence of Conscience

***"The Fall of a Titan," by Igor Gouzenko*** *(translated by Merwyn Black. W. W. Norton. 629 pp. $4.50), a novel by the code clerk of the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa who broke an international spy ring, tells the story of an idealistic young professor revolted by the brutality of the masters of Russian Communism.*

By Ben Ray Redman

"THE FALL OF A TITAN" has a double claim upon our interest. It is an excellent novel in its own right, and its author is famous. While we are reading it we cannot forget for long that its author is Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet Embassy code clerk who broke with his masters, made off with more than a hundred secret documents, and thereby destroyed a Russian spy ring that was active in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain. While we are reading we are constantly aware that the fiction which is passing under our eyes is solidly grounded in fact.

Mr. Gouzenko is a child of the revolution—he was born two years after the ten days that shook the world—but, like many other Soviet novelists, he has modeled his work on the spacious patterns that so well served the great novelists of Czarist Russia. His book has a scope and a sweep and a vitality that are conspicuously lacking in much of today's English and American fiction, which now seems to be increasingly in the hands of self-conscious artists who are determined to write more and more about less and less.

It has, too, the virtue of being an authoritative revelation of the human elements that animate the totalitarian power which has declared war on the non-Communist world. We have met some of these characters before, but Mr. Gouzenko makes them live again, both as individuals and as types. And in Mikhail Gorin (read Maxim Gorky) he has added a figure of weight and stature to the gallery of Russian literature.

THE titan of the title is Gorin. The instrument of the Soviet rulers who are determined to control Gorin, by means short of murder or by murder itself, is Feodor Novikov, a young professor of history in Rostov University, who is also an increasingly trusted and important agent of the NKVD. The time of the action is the middle 1930's, when "Stalin was imposing collectivization on the country . . . This period will remain everlastingly the darkest blot on the human conscience. For millions of wholly innocent persons this policy meant death from starvation, the firing squad, torture, and exile to concentration camps." It was a period calculated to give pause to Gorin, the great writer, the idol of the Russian masses, the champion of the people, "the stormy petrel of the revolution," the utopian idealist, the international spokesman for Bolshevism. It was a period calculated to make him search his soul, review his beliefs, and—however reluctantly—take some cognizance of the facts that surrounded him. It was a period in which Gorin found it impossible to speak with his old confidence of the blessings and glories of Communism. So he fell comparatively silent, and when he did so Stalin and the Politburo quickly decided that something must be done, and done quickly, about Mikhail Gorin. "The Fall of a Titan" is, centrally, the story of what was done—and of what the doing did to the doer, Feodor Novikoff.

Feodor is a "hard-as-stone Bolshevik," a dedicated servant of the new order, a martyr-hero of a godless religion, from the bloody rites of which—despite violent gusts of secret disbelief—he finds it impossible to withdraw. He is also a hollow man; hollow because he drains himself of himself, by making every possible personal sacrifice for the sake of an impersonal, monstrous, monolithic state.

Absorbing and powerful, this remarkable "first novel" would also be an exceptionally horrifying novel, had we not grown so used to horrors. A note of hope is, indeed, voiced at the end; but its sound is faint in competition with the thunder of present reality. It is this thunder that we hear after the book has been put down.

**THE AUTHOR:** Igor Gouzenko began his career as a front-page disgrace to the Kremlin in September 1945, only a month after Hiroshima. Gouzenko, a twenty-six-year-old graduate of Moscow's Military Intelligence School, had spent two years as a code clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Ottowa when he decided to walk out on the USSR with 109 secret documents stuffed under his shirt. Unwrapped, these reports and memorandums represented the first pieces of evidence of a Soviet atom spy ring in North America. They disclosed that Dr. Allan Nunn May, a physicist whose subsequent conviction led to Fuchs and the Rosenbergs, had tipped off the Russians about our A-bomb experiments and had even passed along a sample or two of uranium. As for Gouzenko, he, his wife, and their two children were promptly absorbed into Canada's day-to-day life under assumed names (his boy and girl don't even know they are little Gouzenkos). Someone from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is always within shouting distance, just in case. In his disguise as just another Iron Curtain refugee, Gouzenko became a writer and, "somewhere in Canada" the other day, he discussed how he'd gone from dabbling in short stories in his youth to "The Fall of a Titan." "When I was a pupil in Russia I wrote good compositions," he began proudly. "One about a boy becoming a famous violinist was particularly praised by my teachers. I was then in the fifth grade, about eleven years old." His memoirs, "The Iron Curtain," followed in 1948 when he was about twenty-nine. He spent four years on "The Titan"—one looking for a subject, three in the writing. It was turned down by a half-dozen American publishers before Norton accepted it last fall, unaware that Igor Gouzenko was *the* Igor Gouzenko. Not long afterwards the Jenner Committee went to Canada to discuss the espionage business with Gouzenko, and his picture appeared on the front pages. His head was in a hood.

—BERNARD KALB.

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# Plots from Belsen

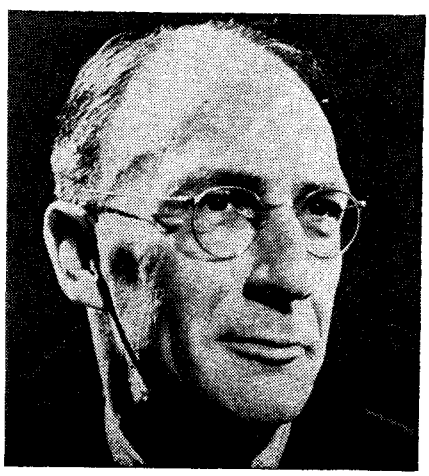
*"The Nightmare," by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown, 242 pp. $3.50), is a collection of ten short stories about the grisly world of Nazism, drawn directly from the archives of Nuremberg and Belsen.*

By Frederic Morton

C. S. FORESTER's Horatio Hornblower, his frigates and fusillades, muskets and men-of-war, turned much of nineteenth-century history into heady and high-flying prose. Now he performs the opposite operation on our own era. He has taken the domestic consequences of Nazism and scoured away the Grausarkian patina they have acquired in the course of an all-too-forgetful decade. He has mined the grisly archives of Nuremberg and Belsen not for facile melodrama but for sadly memorable truths, to fashion out of them what is only in the technical sense fiction. In a volume entitled "The Nightmare" we find ten such tales, one of them, to the shame of mankind, tall.

All ten cover the same sordid subject matter, yet they exhibit a considerable variety of approach. "Evidence" and "Indecision," for example, are actually documentaries illuminating milestones in the amok career of Hitlerism. The first shows how, on the eve of the Führer's invasion of Poland, concentration-camp inmates were used—and murdered—to simulate a Polish" attack on a German border station. The second relates the intrigues simmering around Berlin during the aborted attempt on Hitler's life in July 1944.

"The Bower of Roses" and "The Hostage" are suspense stories about the lives of men of power in the Nazi regime, each explosive with an end



C. S. Forester—"storyteller's sorcery."

Shirley Jackson—"like imps released."

twist. "The Head and the Feet" constitutes an exploration of the conscience of a concentration-camp doctor, while "To Be Given to God" follows the amazing mental processes of an S.S. chieftain after his capture. "Miriam's Miracle," also a psychological drama and to me the most moving piece in the book, addresses itself to a Jewish girl with a harelip, to her faith born of horror and to her vision beyond the threshold of a gas chamber. "The Unbelievable" takes place on a refugee-crammed tug fleeing the Baltic coast from the advancing Russian armies; Mr. Forester describes the setting with his old naval gusto, but he pictures a mob hysteria and a totalitarian corruption unknown in the darkest annals of Hornblower.

"The Nightmare" is not consistently successful. In "The Wandering Gentile" Mr. Forester undertakes a somewhat strained excursion into fantasy, and in several other pieces, notably "To Be Given to God" and "The Bower of Roses," he lets the white heat of his indignation short-circuit the story with editorials.

Furthermore it should be noted that Mr. Forester has neither the scope nor the ambition to explain just what twitches of the soul can turn a man into a political monster. I suppose we shall have to wait for a Dostoievskian talent capable of a new "Grand Inquisitor" to write an emotional etiology of Nazism. Meanwhile we have such men as Remarque, Plievier, and Wiechert to record in terms of art the results if not the causes of the disaster.

To these names the somewhat surprising one of C. S. Forester must now be added. He has the storyteller's sorcery of catapulting historical datum into dramatic detail. The forgotten newsreels and the filed-away headlines emerge as the living tension of dread. Thus these pages resensitize our conscience and refresh our responsibility toward one another.

# Bedeviled Lady

*"The Bird's Nest," by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus & Young, 276 pp. $3.50), is the story of a young "gentlewoman" tormented by four friends that represent phases of her psychoticism, and how she eventually wins over them.*

By William Peden

SINCE the publication of her first startling collection of short stories ("The Lottery") a few years ago, Shirley Jackson has developed into a significant writer who is as versatile as she is entertaining and intelligent. "Hangsaman," for example, was a darkly disturbing picture of a college girl's descent into insanity; "Life Among the Savages," on the other hand, was a sunny personal account of family life. Miss Jackson's new book, "The Bird's Nest," indicates still further growth. This extremely unusual novel, centering around the struggle between various facets of a young woman's personality, is, I think, Miss Jackson's best book of fiction thus far.

When we first meet young "gentlewoman" Elizabeth Richmond, a typist employed in a small-town museum, she is tormented by tangled recollections of an adolescent traumatic experience and by confused memories of her mother and her mother's lover. She is without friends or associates. Her one conscious purpose in life is to "get by" with as little pain as possible.

After a series of dramatic crises, and under the often fantastic supervision of her brandy-drinking aunt (Morgen Jones) and her doctor, a Thackeray-loving refugee from nineteenth-century security, Miss Richmond is in turn dominated by four separate manifestations of her own sick personality: Elizabeth, tormented, bedevilled, inarticulate, a prisoner of the past; Beth, a sweet and trusting female straight from the pages of the novel of sensibility; Betsy, wild, independent, and wanton hoyden with a penchant for obscene repartee and appalling practical jokes; and, finally, Bess, the vulgar and arrogant emblem of all that is unwholesome in a completely materialistic society.

Like imps released from a sorcerer's bottle, these warring individuals emerge and threaten to make a shambles of Elizabeth Richmond's personality. Miss Jackson's reputation as a master of shock, surprise, and suspense is well-deserved: in presenting this warfare to the reader, she uses effectively a variety of fictional meth-

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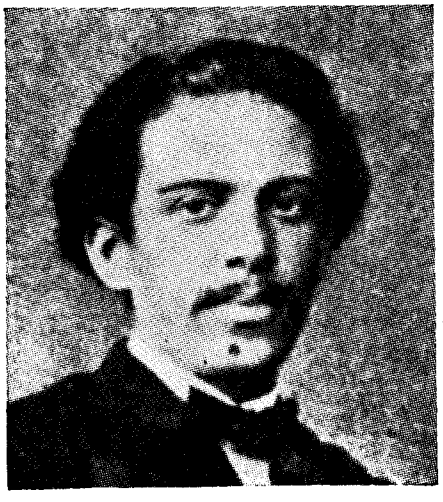
ods and devices ranging from stream-of-consciousnes to the use of excerpts from Dr. Wright's journal (these last are an amusing parody, among other things, of the manner and method of Dr. Wright's beloved Thackeray). From the moment that Dr. Wright, with horror, perceives beneath the pale countenance of his ladylike patient the "dreadful grinning face of a fiend" the reader is enmeshed in the web of conflict and fear that threatens to destroy Elizabeth's identity. Not until the eventual resolution, when Elizabeth, Beth, Betsy, and Bess are fused into the new and whole "Victoria Morgen," is the reader allowed to breathe, gaspingly, the fresh, invigorating air of the world of customary responses.

Miss Jackson has done much more than produce just another perceptive clinical study of emotional deterioration. She has created a kind of twentieth-century morality play in which the familiar medieval conflict between good and evil has been replaced by the struggle for domination among Elizabeth, Beth, Betsy, and Bess. This struggle is illuminated throughout by a remarkable sense of humor (witness the crackling high comedy of the brandy-drinking scene between Morgen Jones and Dr. Wright) which places the author closer in spirit to Jane Austen than one might at first think possible (a cynical Jane Austen, to be sure, more familiar with Freud than with Fanny Burney, and more concerned with evil than with tea-table courtships). And, like Jane Austen, Miss Jackson no longer creates primarily to analyze and dissect. Her novel suggests that without the love and understanding that eventually restore Elizabeth existence can become a disorderly bird's nest of fears, doubts, and wrong moves, as meaningless and confusing as the seventeenth-century riddle from which "The Bird's Nest" derives its title.



**Machado de Assis—"caviar."**

# Victory and Potatoes

***"Philosopher or Dog?" by Machado de Assis*** *(translated by Clotilde Wilson. Noonday Press. 271 pp. $3.50), the third novel of the great nineteenth-century Brazilian writer to be published in this country in recent years, is the story of a man and his dog who go to Rio de Janeiro bent on conquest, and end up a sadder man—and dog.*

By William L. Grossman

BRAZILIANS officially consider Machado de Assis (1839-1908) their greatest man of letters. They name streets and libraries after him and place his effigy on a small coin. Every home that pretends to culture contains a set of his complete works. Yet Machado's genuine admirers are so few and so distinct that the term *Machadianos* is in common use to designate them as a sect. English versions of two of his novels, "Epitaph of a Small Winner" and "Dom Casmurro," have stimulated the establishment of a North American branch of the sect. "Philosopher or Dog?" a sharply ironic little novel, will surely add to the author's prestige with this dedicated and expanding nucleus of Yankee Machadianism.

The protagonist of "Philosopher or Dog?" like that of "Epitaph," is a disciple of Quincas Borba, whose philosophy provides a fictitious but authentic link between the ingenuousness of Comte and the madness of Nietzsche. It is, in substance, an apotheosis of natural man, with consequent exaltation of appetite, strife, and natural self-affirmation. This is a philosophy cut to the taste of Everyman (and, even more, to the taste of his delinquent son, Massman), whether represented, as in "Epitaph," by a naive worldling or, as in the present novel, by a naive bumpkin. Machado traces the course by which both worldling and bumpkin achieve utter frustration. The bumpkin goes even further and achieves paranoia.

Early in "Philosopher or Dog?"—called "Quincas Borba" in the Portuguese original (1891)—Quincas dies and leaves his fortune to Rubião, a middle-aged country schoolteacher. The will contains a condition that Rubião adopt the testator's dog, named Quincas Borba by his eccentric master. With characteristic playfulness, and perhaps with an implication that the distinction between plain beast and elaborately appetitive man may verge on the academic, Machado lets the reader decide which of the two namesakes gives the book its title.

Accompanied by the dog and armed with the philosopher's material and spiritual wealth—the latter aphorized as "To the victor the potatoes!"—Rubião moves to Rio de Janeiro, bent upon conquest. But Rubião's heart and purse become the potatoes, and other persons the victors. Indeed Quincas's supposedly esoteric philosophy seems to be broadly accepted in practice even by persons who never heard of the great thinker.

MACHADO's strength as a novelist lies less in suspense or narrative structure than in the profound, uncompromising candor with which he observes the commonplace. So observed, the commonplace becomes, as often as not, sufficiently emetic to require the soothing effects of Machado's humor and vast compassion. Rubião's friends Palha and Sophia are a fairly commonplace married couple. By proper and lawful means businessman Palha has obtained the use of some of Rubião's capital and plans to continue along this line. Unfortunately, Rubião falls in love with Sophia, whose inviting eyes are like "the lanterns of an inn in which there are no rooms for the guests." The scene in which she indignantly informs Palha of Rubião's advances and in which Palha seeks excuses for Rubião in order to escape the requirement of decency that he break with his wife's would-be lover, is surely one of the most uncomfortable and revealing episodes of connubial adjustment in all literature. Here and throughout the book, Machado again proves himself a masterly, restrained performer in revealing the hypocrisy and moral inadequacy of ordinary citizens.

For all its merits, "Philosopher or Dog?" is unlikely to attain a place on the best-seller lists. One can hardly expect the general reader to welcome a book which, if he succeeds in penetrating its irony, will reward him with a lambasting where it hurts most *i.e.*, in his premises. Machado de Assis is still caviar—delicious caviar.

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# Big Brother-Sister

*"The Courts of Memory," by* ***Frank Rooney*** *(Vanguard Press, 507 pp. $3.95), is the story of a complicated and inbred relationship between a brother and a sister.*

By Oliver La Farge

FRANK ROONEY is the author of that notable short story "Cyclist's Raid," which is enough in itself to make a reviewer turn eagerly to his first novel, undeterred by its monumental length. "The Courts of Memory" gets off to a fine start. Written in lively and attractive style, it promises to be an unusual novel of character and manners within a family.

The central characters are the narrator, Dick Griffin, in his middle teens at the start, and his older sister, Brace. The brother-older sister relationship is convincing. The boy is thoughtful and sensitive, the sister an exceptional character, full of a well-conveyed, youthful wisdom. It's all right, the reader thinks; even 507 pages of this will be fun, if the author has enough story to carry his interesting characters and his own narrative gift.

Slowly the story goes sour. Dick is not sensitive, he is only meant to be sensitive. The quality is indicated by a device common to the writers of soft-cover detective stories—in intense moments he stops for a few lines of unusually-worded description of the stars, or of a churchbell ringing, or what have you. The trick may show esthetic perception; it does not show much else in a man who loves no one truly, fails in all crises, and unfailingly responds to the most reasonable remarks with aggressive unpleasantness or plain bad language.

Brace's wisdom also fails to be maintained; she is, rather, involved and obscure. Of what real emotions she may feel we learn nothing in all those pages, save for the one, fixed star of her protective devotion to her younger brother. To this reviewer she is a would-be remarkable creation. The publishers' blurb compares her to Fitzgerald's Daisy and Hemingway's Brett, but compared to them she is purely literary and *voulue*.

Frank Rooney—"he is very good."

There is no reason on earth why an author should not write a book about a disagreeable, weak, self-centered young man who is not nearly as intelligent as he thinks he is. That's a real type; it has possibilities. To carry him through a long novel via a series of small and on the whole ordinary events and experiences, however, and hold the interest of the reader is something else. That calls for something of a miracle. Mr. Rooney is good. In a shorter medium he is very good indeed. But he is not miraculous.

The elbow-room one has in a novel is a dangerous freedom. I think it has led Mr. Rooney astray. This appears in the device of injecting "sensitive" descriptive passages at moments of tension, and also in great numbers of profound, philosophical, observations. At first reading these have something of the intriguing quality of Wilde's paradoxes without their neatness: on second, they are meaningless.

One long one, of which the author thinks so highly that he runs it also as an introductory quotation, is pure bosh. A shorter example, from page 497, will serve here: "You perceive then, as through a yellow lens, that to think of eternity is to possess it, to think of living to live, to think of truth to know truth, to think of death to want it." And to think of that sentence is to understand the meaning of meaninglessness, through a pale pink lens.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1059)

D. B. LEONARD:

*AT HORSESHOE BEACH*

(In "Buttressed From Moonlight")

How can you dwellers near the sea-coast know
The sea-starvation of an inland soul? . . .
Can you but guess the long, long thirst I quench
Who now in sea-delight my spirit drench?
And like a rock-pool when the tide comes in
I fill and fill, where drying weeds have been.

# Notes

**MRS. KEYES'S WHODUNIT:** The burning question that Frances Parkinson Keyes poses in **"The Royal Box"** (Messner, $3.50) is: Who killed Baldwin ("Baldy") Castle, the oil tycoon and American ambassador to "Aristan"? The unfortunate diplomat had attended a London theatre party abounding in Keyesian elegance—it included more distinguished persons than would be normally assembled outside a series of whiskey advertisements. Yet in that fancy assemblage was foregathered a platoon of potential killers. On both sides of the footlights lurked relics out of Baldwin's past, each with a dandy motive for cashing in his chips. The questioning of suspects by Scotland Yard police affords Mrs. Keyes's garrulous characters a fine pretext for recapitulating their personal histories, and they go into even more extended monologues than usual for the edification of Chief Inspector Kirtland. It is difficult to say whether this orgy of self-revelation helps or hinders the inspector's progress—but it is certainly of no assistance to Mrs. Keyes's "suspense story." By the time the last man has been grilled and his life story rehashed one wishes that "The Royal Box" had included more homicides and fewer suspects. —MARTIN LEVIN.

**JEEVES IN POSTWAR BRITAIN:** Well, Jeeves is back—bringing with him the familiar world of delightful nonsense that has made his author's name an exhilarating byword. **"The Return of Jeeves"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) for a moment makes one wonder how P. G. Wodehouse could have integrated Bertie Wooster's impeccable genie into the austerity-ridden British landscape. But it's not too difficult for the old master, really, since his special province is properly a thing of the spirit, untouchable by time and the Labour Party. The members of the Drones Club are not as affluent as they were in the pages of "Leave It to Psmith" and "Piccadilly Jim," but they are just as feather-brained. True, Sir Roderick Carmoyle is a floor-walker at Harrod's and the Earl of Towcester (pronounced Toaster) is a bookie on the lam. Even the Honourable Bertie Wooster is at a school for displaced aristocrats. But the same problems arise concerning love and loot, the same old country houses still stand in which to thresh matters out, and the ubiquitous Jeeves is ever ready to provide whatever serious thinking is necessary. The tone of normality is further restored when Bertie is expelled from his home-

(*Continued on page 37*)

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# In Pursuit of Leviathan

***"Yankee Whalers in the South Seas," by A. B. C. Whipple*** *(Doubleday. 304 pp. $3.95), is a popularly written account of some of the exploits of the nineteenth-century New England seamen who searched the seas for Leviathan. Here it is reviewed by Foster Rhea Dulles, author of "Americans in the Pacific" and other books.*

By Foster Rhea Dulles

IN ALL the annals of maritime history there is no more exciting and romantic chapter than that of the New England seamen who a century and more ago scoured the seven seas in pursuit of Leviathan. They were an amazingly intrepid and durable lot. The ships in which they went down to sea were at best of no more than a few hundred tons' burden; their voyages generally lasted for three or four years. They survived hardships that pass all understanding, risked their lives every time they lowered boats to hunt their elusive quarry, and experienced the most incredible adventures when they went ashore on the still unknown islands that dotted the vast reaches of the South Pacific.

Naturally enough, whaling has attracted many chroniclers who have drawn upon the record left in the personal narratives of these seamen and the log books of their ships. A. B. C. Whipple, however, has a fresh approach in "Yankee Whalers in the South Seas." Each successive chapter begins with a descriptive account of some phase of whaling, and then relates one or more specific stories of high adventure.

His book opens with "The Doomed Ship," that incredible tale of the sinking of the *Essex,* Captain Pollard, by a whale that turned against the ship itself and left her astounded crew adrift in their small boats in mid-Pacific. One boatload was rescued after ninety-one days at sea; another finally made landfall after a ninety-six-day voyage of some 4,600 miles. In each instance only cannibalism enabled the survivors—eight men out of the original crew—to withstand the awful pangs of thirst and hunger.

If this is a macabre story, the concluding one is even more hair-raising. It deals with what Mr. Whipple calls "The Almost Perfect Mutiny" that took place aboard the whaleship *Globe,* Captain Thomas Worth, on the night of January 26, 1824. The brutal killing of the ship's officers, the mounting tension in the forecastle, the landing on a tiny island in the Mulgraves, the vengeful murder of the mutiny's bloodthirsty ringleader, and the massacre of most of the surviving crew by natives, comprise a strange and terrible tale in whose telling Mr. Whipple spares no gory detail.

There are other stories—of the rogue whale Mocha Dick about which so many yarns, surely known to Melville, were spun during the "gams" of the Yankee whalers; of South Seas maidens and rather more prosaic captains' wives who went to sea with their husbands; of exiles and castaways on lonely islands; of ships frozen in the Arctic wastes, and of adventure and misadventure on the whaling grounds where the ships' crews set about their business of killing the whales and trying-out their blubber to the rich profit of stay-at-home owners.

THERE is one unhappy feature of Mr. Whipple's otherwise able recounting of these stories. He embellishes them too much. He has not hesitated —as he admits in his preface—"to add to the spare, laconic log or journal—dialogue where it is needed but did not exist in the record, essential information from other sources, a calculated guess where a puzzling gap has been left unfilled." Information from other sources, of course; but, in the opinion of this reviewer, the author would have made his stories even more vivid if he had stayed more closely with the contemporary record. The imagined dialogue does not always ring true; the "calculated guess" is sometimes more puzzling than the gap.

It could also be wished that he had used quotations more extensively. The journals of the whalemen are by no means always spare and laconic. They often have a quality that brings to life the scenes they describe more effectively than anything that could possibly be written a century and more later. This is true, for example, of the original account of the mutiny of the *Globe* as recorded by two of the survivors, William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey, in 1828. After the most graphic description of the brutal axing and bayonet stabbing of the officers by the maddened harpooner who led the mutiny, the nineteenth-century authors continue in an engaging passage:

> Thus it appears that this more than demon murdered with his own hand, all the officers. Gladly would we wash from "memory's waste" all remembrance of that bloody night. The compassionate reader, however, whose heart sickens within at the perusal, as does ours at the recital of this tale of woe, will not, we hope, disapprove our publishing these melancholy facts to the world.

Even without the use of such quotations, and for all his own embellishments, Mr. Whipple has nevertheless provided an engrossing record, colorfully and spiritedly written, of the nineteenth-century whalemen's life.

*—Illustrations from the book.*

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# Digging in the Water

***"Epics of Salvage," by David Masters*** *(Little, Brown, 234 pp. $3.50), offers a number of tales of heroism quietly performed by salvage men and divers to keep ships afloat and channels clear during World War II.*

By Thomas E. Cooney

ONE NIGHT in December 1941 the British battleships *Valiant* and *Queen Elizabeth* lay quietly at anchor in Alexandria harbor. Almost directly beneath them three Italian underwater crews were maneuvering astride tiny submarines that carried demolition charges to be fixed to the battleships' hulls. One was successfully fixed, and another was planted on the bottom a few feet from its target. Some minutes later two of the Italians were captured hanging onto the *Valiant*'s anchor chain. Refusing to tell where they had planted the charges, they were ordered below by the British captain to sweat it out in compartments in the very bottom of the ship they had just mined. Shortly afterward the mines exploded, and the two ships settled a few feet to the bottom, each with a huge hole in her hull. There were no casualties, even among the Italian frogmen.

At this point the patient, clever salvage men who are the heroes of David Masters's "Epics of Salvage" enter the picture. How they succeeded in refloating the ships while fooling the enemy into thinking they were undamaged is one of a score of stories of the dangerous, obscure, and essential work of ship salvage in World War II. Without the efforts of British salvage crews the Suez Canal would have been blocked while Rommel was driving toward Cairo, the *Valiant* and the *Queen Elizabeth* would have stayed in the mud at Alexandria to be plastered by Italian bombers, the vital channel of the Tyne would have been closed by wrecks, and the mouth of the Thames itself would have been choked with the victims of Goering's blitz—all before Pearl Harbor. As the war ground on, hundreds of other ships went down in places that had to be cleared or with cargoes that could be saved, and salvage men and divers, British and American, rallied around to do the toughest rear-area jobs of the war.

Starting with the ignominious dockside foundering of the *Normandie* in New York and the fantastic job of pumping her out and refloating her, Mr. Masters takes his readers through a catalogue of drudgery and ingenuity that lights up the destructiveness of war with the brilliance of creative effort. He tells how 20,000 men toiled for eight months to construct portable breakwaters for the artificial harbors flung up along the invasion coast of France. They built eighty-odd steel and concrete units fitted with valves and tanks so that they could be towed across the Channel and sunk, and each unit was as big as a small apartment house. Twenty-three million tennis balls were used to float a million yards of electric cable towed behind minesweepers to set off magnetic mines, while in harbors and roadsteads all over England divers worked at the exquisitely dangerous task of feeling around sunken mines to relieve them of their detonators.

BUT perhaps the most heartbreaking job of all was the attempt to raise the Belgian freighter *Brabo*, which collided with another ship and sank in the Tyne channel. In six months of terrible labor the salvage men sank a cofferdam of steel pilings all the way around the sunken hulk, pumped her out, and were ready to raise her when a gale came along and in one night swept away the cofferdam completely. Not until after the war was the ship finally broken up and removed.

Simply, even awkwardly written in some places, "Epics of Salvage" bristles with fascinating technical lore and breathes authenticity in every sentence. It is good that printed history has caught up with the salvage men and divers who toiled in unnoticed bravery to keep ships afloat and channels clear wherever the enemy struck.

# Storekeepers Afloat

***"The China Trade Post-Bag: The Seth Low Family of Salem and New York," edited by Elma Loines*** *(Falmouth Publishing House, 324 pp. $12.50), is a collection of letters and journals written by members of a Yankee family that owned a fleet of clipper ships and prospered in the trade with China. Robert Payne, who reviews it below, is the author of "Forever China" and other books.*

By Robert Payne

NO ONE remembers any longer the shipwrights who built the great China clippers, but their names would be worth remembering: they built the most beautiful of the works of man. Those princely ships, with long black hulls and raking masts and towering skysail yards, flew across the oceans like impersonal and godlike mediators between the earth and the heavens, flawless and chaste and swift in their machined perfection which even the airplane has never been able to rival. Their lives were short, for the best of them were launched during the Forties and Fifties of the last century, and by 1869, when the Suez Canal was opened, they had outlived their usefulness. Soon the steamship ruled the seas: instead of wood and silken sail came iron and belching smoke from squat funnels. And now the glory has passed forever.

The Lows of Salem and Brooklyn owned a stable of clippers. The *Great Republic*, largest and most beautiful of all, belonged to their stable. She had burned to the waterline shortly after being built, but with one deck removed, and a thousand tons knocked off her, she could still sail to China in eighty days from New York, and Longfellow wrote a poem about her, the same poem that Franklin Roosevelt quoted to the Former Naval Person not so long ago. Between 1844 and 1873 the Lows had sixteen clippers and barkentines, and sent them out to the isles of Javan and Gadier with all their bravery on. The Lows were merchants and dealt in tea, silk, and spices, and seemed unaware of the romance of the thing. Certainly their surviving letters and journals, now capably edited by Elma Loines in a volume called "The China Trade Post-Bag," show them wonderfully matter-of-fact, without a stitch of poetry in them. They are concerned with the price of silk, the difficulties of trading, the absurd behavior of

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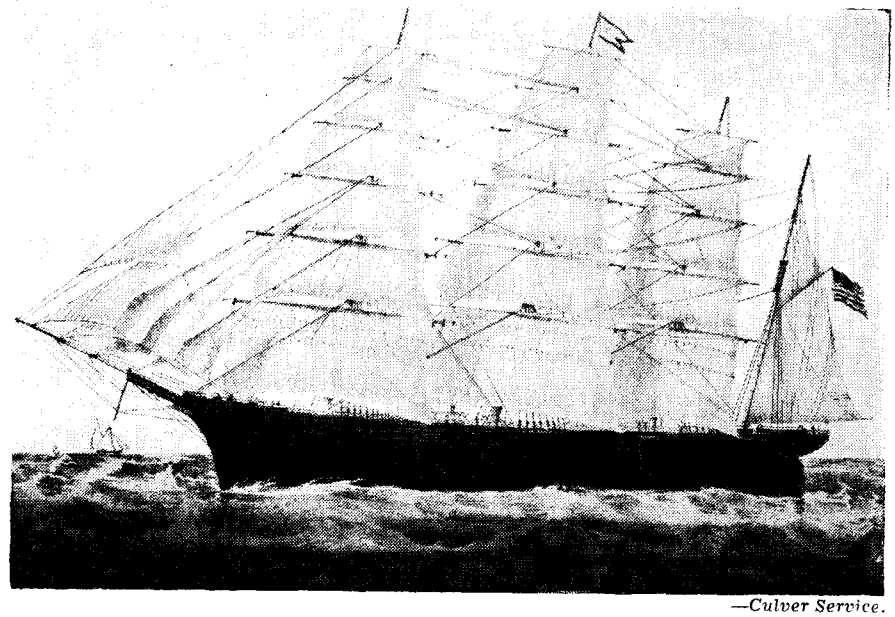
the British, who were attempting in those days to twist the dragon's tail, all the dangers of living in a strange land, for most of the Lows went out to China to supervise their cargoes and sign the manifests: a few made fortunes.

The men were deadly dull, but Harriett had the spark of life, and well rewards us. At age twenty she set sail from New York on the *Sumatra* for Macao, for no other purpose than to amuse herself and perhaps find a husband. She had a pretty face and an abiding faith in the Unitarian religion: happiness kept breaking through. She wrote artlessly, and it is not always possible to know whether she is writing with her tongue in her cheek. "A typhoon threats! Oh dear suds! What a stormy day!" But she is not always so silly, and she wrote admiringly of the phosphorescence in the tropics "like seas of diamonds for yards astern" and of storms in Macao, the chair coolies in their enormous hats wading up to their knees, the sky like a single sheet of flame, all Macao transformed into a drowned Venice. Once she saw a naked Malay and watched him imperturbably, confiding to her journal that she agreed with Bishop Heber that his color served as a covering.

Four years in Macao left her a little breathless. She could never make up her mind about the Chinese. There were moments when she was weighed down with misery at the thought of living among "those despicable Chinese who are not worth our notice," but she has the sense to regard them at another time as a singular people "who will do anything for their countrymen." She has her portrait painted by George Chinnery, who "cut mutton chops" out of the flattery she wisely poured on him. She attended the Macao opera, fought a losing battle with cockroaches, read commentaries on the Bible, danced through the night, and even disguised herself as a boy for a three-week visit to Canton, from which all foreign women were excluded by order of the Emperor. At the age of twenty-two this agreeable creature complains: "It is so hard to learn when one is old."

FOR the rest, there are the solemn letters of traders, the profit and loss, brief descriptions of the skirmishes between the British and the Chinese in the years before the Opium War broke out, the merchants' inflated letters filled with moral precepts and a jumble of figures. The best is Harriett and the clippers, taking sea cucumbers, sandalwood, and Spanish dollars to China, returning with their treasure chests of tea.



—Culver Service.

The *Great Republic*—"Longfellow wrote a poem about her."

# Another Nautical Crusoe

***"The Voyage of the* Hérétique," *by Alain Bombard*** *(translated by Brian Connell. Simon & Schuster. 214 pp. $3.50), is a French scientist's report on his crossing of the Atlantic alone on a fifteen-foot craft. Percy Knauth, who as an American foreign correspondent in France covered Bombard's departure, here writes him an open letter about his book.*

By Percy Knauth

July 5, 1954

My dear Alain:

It is two years now since I first met you; yet that hot, sunny morning in Monte Carlo does not seem so far away. I had come up the coast from Le Lavandou to cover your departure on a voyage which—so the newspapers said—was to take you from Monaco to Trinidad or Cuba, all the way through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic Ocean; and this in an inflatable rubber life raft, without food or water beyond what you could get from the sea. Though you described it as a scientific experiment for the benefit of shipwrecked sailors, it looked like a stunt, the crazy kind of stunt that would make entertaining reading and funny pictures of the cottonheaded French professor with his crack-brained theories about living off the sea—and that's about what I expected to find when I met you.

That was a wild day. The wildest thing about it was that, somehow, you convinced me that you were serious and that you knew exactly what you were doing. In that carnival atmosphere on the quay of the Vieux Port de Monaco the strength of your conviction shouted down that cheering, jeering crowd that came to see you get away; and that in itself was an achievement. I remember how everyone was laughing, as though it were a great big joke. There you were, a round and sprightly little butterball of a man with so much on your mind that you almost forgot the plankton nets which were supposed to be one of your major providers of food; there was Jack Palmer, that lanky, serious, red-headed British sailor who was to be your navigator and companion; there was the *Hérétique*, a fifteen-foot, blown-up parody of a sailing craft that scarcely looked as though it could get outside the breakwater, let alone sail across some 4,000 miles of empty ocean—and you didn't even have a tow to start you on your way.

What convinced me, I think, was the talk we had with the skipper of the American destroyer lying in Monte Carlo harbor—Lieut. Harold Thomas Walling of the U.S.S. *Hale*. Of all the fool things a foreign correspondent was ever called upon to do, asking the U.S. Navy to tow you

(*Continued on page* 36)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

# Blithe Comedian

*"The Art of Noel Coward," by* ***Robert Greacen*** *(British Book Centre. 87 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Future Indefinite," by Noel Coward*** *(Doubleday. 336 pp. $4.50), are about one of this century's most popular playwrights and entertainers. The first considers his dramatic work critically; the latter is the second volume of his autobiography, emphasizing his activities during World War II. Joseph Wood Krutch, who reviews them below, is the author of "The American Drama Since 1918" and other books.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

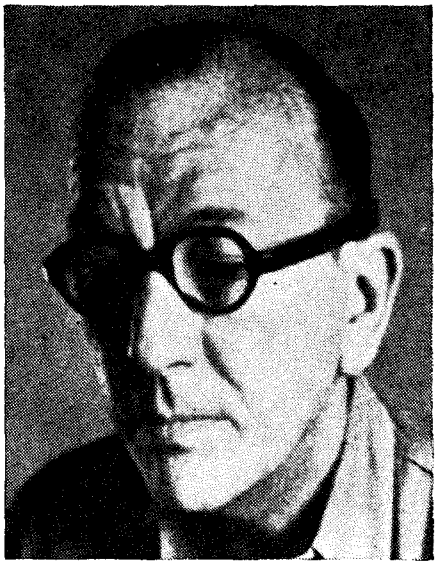
WHEN Noel Coward's first great success, "The Vortex," was playing on Broadway in the Twenties, FPA, I remember, gave it one of his two-line reviews:

> He takes dope and she takes lovers;
> She reforms and he recovers.

Admittedly this particular play was an early work, and Mr. Coward himself has complained that it unjustly fixed him in the public mind as identical with his hero, a remarkably spineless sophisticate who phosphoresced with sentiment, cynicism, and self-pity as he dissolved in decay. Nevertheless, FPA's critique was painfully close to being adequate and Coward has not gone so immeasurably beyond his early accomplishment as quite to justify a ponderous title like "The Art of—" which Robert Greacen has chosen for his book. Chapters called "The Young Playwright" and "The Mature Dramatist" suggest a similar straining after importance, and it does so gifted an entertainer as Mr. Coward no good to talk as though there were nothing inappropriate about comparing him with Bernard Shaw. Besides being astonishingly gifted with professional competence, he appears to be a likable person who has borne dazzling success very well indeed, but that does not make him a dramatist of permanent importance, and to talk about "social criticism" when you mean only that he believes everybody should do his bit during a war and that the simple virtues are more important than the smart set seems to realize, is to allow one's enthusiasm for a subject to run away with one's judgment. Only, it seems to me, in "Blithe Spirit" has he come close to comedy pure enough to remain impressive in recollection.

"Future Indefinite," the second volume of his autobiography just published, mentions only in passing the plays he wrote, directed, or acted; the songs he composed and sung. That is all to the good because it is the man and his career which have, if one could only understand what they mean, the greatest interest and significance. Indefatigibly and at great sacrifice of effort and money he used his notoriety to make good-will tours in America and then to entertain troops in far corners of the world. Sometimes, as he ruefully admits, it was embarrassingly obvious that they would have preferred a much more primitive entertainer. All this was admirable conduct which he describes without false modesty and with a good deal of what looks like the genuine. The striking fact, which he himself obviously does not quite understand, is that his "importance" as a highly successful theatrical figure could be so easily translated into an odd sort of usefulness in a desperate crisis.

Is it a peculiarity of our times that this was possible? Coward himself was well aware that what he calls his "celebrity value" is the key. But has it ever before been true to an equal degree that celebrity, the possession of a "name," assumed such absolute importance that it made very little difference in what connection the name had become known?



Noel Coward—"playboy's *Weltanschauung*."

Here, in Coward's case, was a young man who had come up the hard way in the theatre and whose success in that world had introduced him to what we call cafe society. It is true that he had written the patriotic pageant "Cavalcade," but he was at least as well known for such gamey pieces as that defense of the *ménage à trois* called "Design for Living" and, however unjustly, he was undoubtedly regarded by most Englishmen as the playboy interpreter of the playboy's *Weltanschauung*. Yet when war is imminent he is immediately remembered by people of a very different world. He is sent to Paris to organize a vague office of propaganda; with only quasi-official sanction and, spending his own money, he goes to Russia, to Poland, and to the United States, reporting back to London his impressions of the state of public opinion.

SOON he is hobnobbing with President Roosevelt, with Winston Churchill, with all sorts of ambassadors and other high-level statesmen. As the war becomes grimmer he becomes, somewhat against his inclination, more specifically occupied with providing entertainment for the troops, though wherever he goes he is himself entertained by brass hats and their civilian counterparts. At sea he is unofficially rated as an admiral to indicate the ceremony with which he is to be treated. Without, apparently, trying too hard to understand what all this means and without seeming to have his head turned, he does what he is asked to do. He flies dangerous journeys usually to good propaganda effect, though he also—and he tells the story again—makes the dreadful *faux pas* involving the two "Brooklyn boys." In Australia he is given a public reception such as only a queen—or a movie actor—is usually accorded. Also, he produced the movie "In Which We Serve."

To his credit he makes no bones about the fact that he continued, as far as possible, to lead the luxurious life to which he was accustomed. When they are available he stays at either lavish hotels or at the most sumptuous villas. He has gay reunions with members of his old crowd and lives high. Probably the sentence which occurs most often in the book is "We had a very good lunch." I doubt if there were ever any other memoirs in which the downing of so many drinks was so meticulously recorded. What President Roosevelt said in their private conversations gets hardly as much emphasis as the fact that he mixed a very good martini with his own hands. Few members of the old aristocracy or, for that matter, of the old plutocracy, could at any time live so expansively. Suites, secretaries, limousines, etc.,

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appear unasked. "Cary Grant . . . was friendly and cheerful as usual . . . He gave me a car and a chauffeur and valet of my own so that I should be in no way dependent on his comings and goings."

Occasionally Mr. Coward seems a little surprised at what has happened to him and though not much given to introspection he gives one the feeling that his acceptance of it all does not involve any arrogant conviction that he gets it as a natural right rather than by good fortune and the ways of the world as they happen to be.

Most readers of "Future Indefinite" will, I think, read it with pleasure, conceive a good deal of real liking for the author, and then put it down with a sense of bafflement. I should not be surprised if Mr. Coward were a bit baffled himself.

—*Truman Capote, by Cecil Beaton; from "Persona Grata."*

**GLOSSY IMPRESSIONS:** Cecil Beaton and Kenneth Tynan are limelight performers and their combined effort, **"Persona Grata"** (Putnam, $5), is a glittering scrapbook of some of the most dramatic and elegant personalities of our day. Mr. Beaton's photographs are handsomely reproduced and stand as distinguished examples of the best in posed photography. And Mr. Tynan's wee essays on the 100 personalities alphabetically listed represent that young dramatic critic's most brilliant work. Particularly fine are his descriptions of Sir John Gielgud with his "benevolent wince" of a smile; Noel Coward and his "nostalgie de la boo hoo"; and the Crazy Gang for whom "the upper slopes of hilarity are dotted with major and minor cruelties, with flea powder and disinfectant sprays." For a sample of what Mr. Tynan can do in the way of a thoughtful thesis, there is his article on Christopher Fry which debates most provocatively the question of verse drama vs. prose plays.

—HENRY HEWES.

# Lusty Looper

***"A Child of the Century," by Ben Hecht** (Simon & Schuster, 654 pp. $5), is the autobiography of the colorful newspaperman, novelist, scenarist, and pro-Israel propagandist. Here it is reviewed by Harry Hansen, literary critic and editor of "The World Almanac," whose own book "Midwest Portraits" was the first to contain a chapter on Hecht, as well as on the others of the Chicago school of the Twenties.*

By Harry Hansen

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by the personal character of its content, is not amenable to rules. At one extreme stands the journal of William Rothenstein, a march past of practically every great man except the author; at the other is "A Child of the Century," by Ben Hecht, in which men and events obey the whip in the author's hands. Rarely has a book conveyed so well by what it says and implies the author's enjoyment of the human spectacle, and the fun he has had using his talents and energies. Unlike Alfred de Musset, from whose confession Hecht unconsciously may have derived his title, Hecht has no dark moods to record.

This is a book of the heart, and as such it records the loves and hates of Hecht, who, despite his generosity and good nature, is capable of powerful indignation. This comes to the fore in the last third of the book, in which he tells how he became a propagandist for the Irgun group of Israel because of the incredible indifference of the British and American Governments to the refugees who were not allowed to land in Palestine. His bitter accusations against Jews who thought it expedient to play safe revive an issue that already has caused considerable heat in the United States.

Hecht's pen sears the pages when he describes the ineptitudes and banalities of the movie industry. This raises the question why Hecht, with all his abilities, should have agreed to make sixty movies, at from $50,000 to $120,000 a picture, in surroundings he considered the sinkhole of culture. Hecht explains that in order to live six months as he wished he was compelled to yield to this opulent slavery for the other six months. He boasts that he allowed the money "to blow away," and counts it a virtue to be systematically improvident—"without a bank balance, or even an insurance policy."

Yet with only a silght exercise of

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thrift he could have set aside sufficient funds to obviate his annual trek to Hollywood. I suspect Hecht enjoyed the "easy money and pleasant friendships," and the facility with which he could turn out plots, just as he enjoyed the daily headlines against which he wrote "A Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago."

Hecht is adept at portraiture and can sketch the look and attitude of a man in a few pithy sentences. He says of Sherwood Anderson: "When he talked his features seemed to tremble with some inner delicacy of mood. His writing contained a similar tremble." Of Sam Goldwyn: "He beat at your mind like a man in front of a slot machine, shaking it for a jackpot." Of Pascal Covici: "He opened a book as if he were looking into a ruby." Of Jed Harris: "He spoke of himself with tender passion, as if a hero under discussion." Of Helen Hayes: "As untemperamental and polite as an usherette, with a touch of humility toward intimates as well as strangers." Of Horace Liveright: "No writer could admire himself as much as Horace admired him."

A man with a hair-trigger imagination, Hecht has been the most inventive writer of the Chicago school. As a literal-minded fellow I view his flights with envy and some of his facts with skepticism. I question his picture of Theodore Roosevelt swilling liquor before his Orchestra Hall speech, because I was also on that assignment. Like Pat Covici, I was astonished to learn that Ben had played the entire Beethoven Violin Concerto through in Covici's bookstore. And I am puzzled by the fourth version of the story of the box-factory man—two by Sherwood Anderson and now a second one by Hecht—each story different from

Ben Hecht "sears the pages."

the other, to which I can add a fifth. However, I prefer the stories, spiced with paprika and Rotwein, as told by my gifted friends. As evidence of the combative nature of writing in Chicago we now have Hecht's testimony that Anderson proposed they should engage in literary warfare by denouncing each other's works, whereas Anderson already has told how Hecht made a similar proposal to Burton Rascoe, on the subject of Cabell.

Hecht, who was born in New York and lived in Racine, Wis., found his Arcady in Chicago. There he won his first job as a reporter, formed his friendships with Anderson, Sandburg, and other writers, married, and received his assignment to Berlin. The rowdy, seamy side of the city still charms him; with gusto he describes hangings, bawdy women, and profane but lovable newspaper veterans. His sketch of Sandburg in the city room is inimitable. In a later chapter he similarly adds an unforgettable chapter to the legend of John Barrymore, whose birthday party was made possible only because Hecht did not disclose the name of the honored guest.

Ben Hecht is a man of feeling and lets the emotions speak as none has done since Thomas Wolfe. Portraits of those near and dear to him are superb. Some of his passages record intimations not susceptible of analysis, intuitions missed by our synthetic psychologists. Hecht still mourns the apparent eclipse of books on which he expended great energies, notably "A Book of Miracles," but he need not despair, for that work will outlive us all. Some of his passages make me wish he had never left off writing novels. One such describes his first awareness that life might end, and that everything around him would go on as before, and he not there. It is evidence of how highly he valued "the sea, the stars, and the multitude of days through which [he] had come," and it touches universality.

## The Place

By Martha Banning Thomas

THERE is a strip of climate
Between sleep and the last drift of stars,
(Light swept beyond light)
Where the unleashed heart may wander
For a timeless interval
Through crystal corridors of immaculate airs,
Fanned by the invisible passage
Of great wings,
Feathering close, and lifting the spirit
Delicately apart from emotion,
Yet moving within tides of exuberance
Recognized and acknowledged
Long after waking.

# London Tolstoyers

*"The Golden Echo," by David Garnett (Harcourt, Brace, 272 pp. $4), the first panel in the autobiography of a member of a great English literary family, traces his course through the romantic quarter of a century before the First World War.*

By Harrison Smith

THOUGH two world wars have taken their toll of their young men, the literary families of England have carried on the talents of their forebears through several generations. The Du Mauriers, Stracheys, Sitwells, Huxleys, Trevelyans, and the Garnetts come readily to mind, for with their kind they have influenced the cultural climate of Britain for the better part of a century. David Garnett is a fine example of these hereditary men of letters. He has been a publisher and a novelist whose work is distinguished by his humor, imagination, and simple forthright style. "The Golden Echo" is an autobiography of his early years, from 1892, the date of his birth, to the First World War.

David's grandfather, Richard Garnett, a clergyman, a minor poet, and a great scholar, became the assistant librarian of the British Museum where, with his six children and his wife, he had his residence and spent most of his working life. They were a Victorian family "bound together by the love and devotion of Papa and all the children for Mamma." He was a very unworldly man who would never take advantage of his position to aid a friend. David's father, Edward Garnett, was unworldly in another way. His occupation was the discovery of talent in unknown writers; but when they succeeded he lost interest in them. He despised academic critics who, he thought, "boiled the old bones of the great departed but could not recognize a living genius." His mother, Constance Garnett, poured out an astonishing number of translations of Turgeniev's, Dostoievsky's, and Tolstoy's novels and thus introduced nineteenth-century Russian literature to the English-speaking world. When at twenty-four she was engaged to Edward Garnett, whom she expected to have to support, Bernard Shaw told her that he would like to marry her himself, but an improvident marriage would ruin his career.

When David was twelve his mother taught him Russian, then took him

(*Continued on page 35*)

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# Civilizing the Terror

***"Terror and Progress: USSR," by Barrington Moore, Jr.*** *(Harvard University Press. 261 pp. $4.50), analyzes the condition of industry, agriculture, the arts and sciences, and the instruments by which the State controls them in Soviet Russia. Bertram D. Wolfe, who reviews it here, is the author of "Three Who Made a Revolution" and other books.*

By Bertram D. Wolfe

BARRINGTON MOORE, JR., who attempted to apply, test, and refine his conceptual categories of sociology to a study of Soviet society in a volume called "Dilemma of Power," continues the effort in "Terror and Progress: USSR."

Both works are mistitled. The first dealt not with the problems of power in general or even power acquired by revolution, but rather with the modification of Lenin's program in practice after he took power in Russia. "Terror and Progress" does not treat systematically either of the terms in its title. A single chapter deals with the impact of terror and its functions, while a few *obiter dicta* link it up with problems of control and change. The concept of progress, insofar as it appears at all, would seem to be limited to an interest in the elements of stability and change in the Soviet structure.

Nevertheless, the present work represents a marked advance over its predecessor. Dr. Moore applies his concepts with greater precision. There are none of the opaque and solemn absurdities which marred the rich empirical material of the earlier book —no humorless nonsense about "elements of grass-roots democracy," about the "idea of criminal responsibility moving closer to the Western view in 1935" (the beginning of the purges!), about "strong limitations on the degree to which elections represent popular sentiment," and the like.

"Terror and Progress: USSR" takes up "The Instruments of Control" (Party police and army, state apparatus); the state of industry; agriculture; Communist ideology; the arts and sciences in a police state; the impact and function of terror, and "Images of the Future." In each of these chapters, except the rather weak one on ideology, there is a skilful condensation, digestion, and simplification in a scholarly manner of a vast amount of material scattered through monographs and specialists' articles, along with an excellent use of the testimony of Soviet escapees questioned by the Harvard project. The chapters on the state of industry, on agriculture, and on the dilemma of the artist and scientist will prove particularly useful to anyone who has not the time or opportunity to dig endlessly in the work of specialists.

On the subject of class stratification, Dr. Moore suggests that any development of such stratification is incompatible with totalitarian atomization and centralization. Here a little history might have helped, for Russia has more than once demonstrated (in the oprichnina and in the Petrine chinovnik nobility) that the state can create a service class, members of which can be purged and new ones recruited, without a necessary loss of centralizing and terrorizing functions.

Similarly, the chapter on terror, illuminating as far as it goes, makes too exclusive use of the idea that terror is the upshot of too rapid change, and not enough of the relation of totalitarianism to total war, war on one's own people, and war for the world. Moreover, Dr. Moore's quiet and cool analysis would benefit from some contagion from the preternatural gloom interspersed with blinding flashes of light that is in Hannah Ahrendt's picture of totalitarianism.

—*Justus*, Minneapolis Star.

**"Georgi!"**

The book's primary interest is in the elements of stability and change in each of the cross-sections of Soviet society. Thus Dr. Moore tries to lay a basis for his final chapter entitled "Images of the Future." Just as Lenin's Marxism was different from that of Marx, Lenin-in-power different from Lenin's programmatic bid for power, and Stalin's Leninism different from Lenin's, so the heirs of Stalin's power will modify their inheritance according to temperament, experience, and relations with the outside world.

WITH not altogether convincing arguments, Dr. Moore limits to three the possible directions of future development: towards a "rational technocracy"; towards "traditionalism" and "feudal" decentralization, and towards intensification of totalitarianism. He rejects the first two as contrary to the will and interests of those in power; and he rejects the further intensification of totalitarianism as already having met with diminishing returns. He concludes, rather inconclusively, that given a decade or two of peace the total power structure will gradually be eroded in both directions at once.

It is impossible within the limits of a review to document other possibilities. Dr. Moore himself suggests one such when he remarks that "if the Communist leaders want to live up to their prediction that they will inherit the earth, they will have to continue and intensify totalitarianism." Elsewhere he suggests another possibility in the unresolved and muted struggle for the succession. In equating of "decentralization" with "feudalism," in contending that state-made class privilege and centralization are incompatible and at various other points, Dr. Moore's conceptual framework tends to narrow the mutiple variety of historical alternatives. But his analysis serves to break fresh ground in a difficult field and to discipline thought on the wish and passion-clouded subject of the future of Soviet society. At the same time, the great labor of digestion and ordering that has gone into Dr. Moore's study of industry, agriculture, art and science, the instruments of control, and the functions of terror, make "Terror and Progress" valuable as a study of the current structure of Soviet society.

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# Red Apostate

***"Tito's Promised Land," by Alex N. Dragnich*** *(Rutgers University Press. 337 pp. $5.75), offers an account of what has been happening in Yugoslavia since World War II, differing in many respects from the version generally accepted in the West. Here it is reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The Russian Octopus" and other books.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

YUGOSLAVIA'S geographical location in the path of the Soviet drive toward the Adriatic and its ideological position as a kind of halfway house between Stalinism and democratic socialism combine to keep the land of the South Slavs in the headlines. Thus Alex N. Dragnich's "Tito's Promised Land" is not only timely, but presents one of the most significant discussions of the subject that has yet appeared. Lucid and forthright, it is a highly controversial book.

Mr. Dragnich is unusually well equipped for his task. The American-born son of Montenegrin parents, he speaks Serbo-Croat fluently. During three important years, 1947 to 1950, he served with the United States Information Service in Yugoslavia and in 1952 he made a check-up visit there. He was in Belgrade when the sensational break between Stalin and Tito took place. He is now professor of political science at Vanderbilt University.

Mr. Dragnich has packed so many facts and opinions into his book that it is practicable to mention only a few leading—and controversial—issues. Take his stand on the Partisans' record in World War II. The West has pretty well accepted Tito's story that Partisan units, tying down some twenty Axis divisions in Yugoslavia, wreaked havoc on the German forces there. Not so, says Mr. Dragnich. "They [the Partisans] never undertook a single major action against the Axis." According to the author, Tito made no move against the Axis until Hitler attacked Russia. Moreover, he claims, Tito spent the subsequent war years accumulating armaments in order to establish a Communist dictatorship. General Drazha Mihailovich, on the other hand, was from the beginning a loyal supporter of the Western allies, who in turn betrayed him. If that is correct, then the West's treatment of Mihailovich was based neither on good morals nor good sense.

UNRRA supplies, Mr. Dragnich charges, were used to build up the Tito regime. "The Yugoslav Communist Party determined who should get the major share, with the army and the secret police at the top of its priority list." Even today, the author says, the Communists represent only 5 per cent of the Yugoslav people, 85 per cent being in bitter opposition to the Tito Government.

—*Scott Long*, Minneapolis Tribune.
"Mange."

Although Mr. Dragnich concedes that the Yugoslav people are better off than the populations of the satellite nations and are not "exploited economically by a foreign power," he says the ameliorations "have resulted more from aid and association with the West than from any particular effort on the part of the Yugoslav Communists." Western economic aid has, on balance, been justified, but the author regards it as a calculated risk.

What is probably the most vital section of the book deals with Yugoslavia's attitude toward the East and the West. Our policies toward Belgrade have been predicated on the assumption that, in case of Soviet aggression, the Yugoslavs would be on our side. But would they be? Mr. Dragnich thinks it very doubtful. The enlisted men, overwhelmingly of peasant stock, are inevitably opposed to the Tito regime and would not fight to support it. As for the officers, he reports, "nearly every non-Communist Yugoslav with whom I talked was convinced that the officer corps was at heart pro-Soviet."

The vast majority of Yugoslavs, the author believes, are sincere and loyal friends of the West. But he feels that the Yugoslav Communist leaders are convinced that "their uneasy and indefinite alliance with the West is of a temporary nature." These are questions, obviously, of highest importance to the free world. If Mr. Dragnich is right, then there should be some rethinking not only in Washington, but also in London, Athens, and Ankara.

# Shoeless in Balkany

***"Challenge in Eastern Europe," edited by C. E. Black*** *(Rutgers University Press. 276 pp. $4), is a collection of twelve essays on social, economic, and political conditions in the countries east of the Iron Curtain by American and European scholars. Here it is reviewed by Antoni Gronowicz, author of "The Piasts of Poland" and other works.*

By Antoni Gronowicz

IN READING most of the books that have been published on Eastern Europe in the past several years, I have been reminded of an incident that took place more than a decade ago. Arriving at the Polish-Rumanian border, I found myself confronted by a young border guard, a Rumanian soldier in full battle dress except for his boots. When I asked him the reason for this, the soldier replied simply and with some embarrassment, "There are not enough shoes for everyone."

To anyone who has not lived in Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, or any other of the Eastern European countries, it must be explained that a man's success or failure in life is judged by the number of pairs of shoes he possesses. In these countries shoes are a symbol of prosperity where in the United States it would be an automobile.

The twelve essays in "Challenge in Eastern Europe," written by prominent American and European scholars and political leaders, deal with the economic, social, and political situations which have developed since the First World War. Overall, there is an attempt at objectivity, but at the same time a good deal of effort is expended by these writers in apologizing for the shortcomings of the governments in question.

Common agreement exists among C. E. Black, who edited the volume, Hubert Ripka, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Jacob B. Hoptner, and the others, that Communism has wrought havoc in those areas and is an increasing menace to the individual populations. However, Jan H. Wszelaki, while agreeing with his colleagues, makes some unique observaitons in his essay, "Industrial and Social Policies of the Communist Regimes." Mr. Wszelaki writes: "Suffice it to say here that all over Eastern Europe the Communist regimes are modernizing the existing mines and industrial plants and are building

(*Continued on page 35*)

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# Hot Weather Meanderings

SUMMER is here with its usual rash of surmise and overheated statement, its oddments and relaxations but, alas, without the carefree air it wore in happier days. In the national capital Senators proclaim that if Communist China secures a seat in the United Nations they will bring all their influence to bear to pull the United States out of the organization, though knowing full well, as they must, that nothing could be more disastrous to the peace of the world than any such course of action. In Great Britain certain statesmen, and even such a seasoned observer as Harold Nicolson, are advocating a return to secret diplomacy, maintaining that Wilson's dictum of "open covenants openly arrived at" has proved unfeasible and that only when preliminaries are carried on sub rosa by diplomats and in closed personal conversations by foreign secretaries can desired results be arrived at. In Russia *Pravda* is launching a temperance campaign, inveighing against the prevalance of alcoholism, which it calls " a survival of the past" and particularly "a relic of capitalism." In America, again, Dr. Robert Oppenheimer is voted "a loyal citizen of unusual discretion" and denied access to secret data as a bad security risk. In Guatemala a Communist Government is ousted as a result of a double-headed attack by the exiled Castillo Armas and the Army, but the revolution almost bogs down because of differences between the leaders, who end by flinging their arms round each other.

In a world all out of gear a few matters continue to run true to fact and expectation: The eclipse of the sun comes off as scheduled; the dog days accelerate the efforts of Congress to clear away its business before the last of July puts an end to the session; over the country begins to creep the shadow of impending elections; the roads are clogged with speeding vacationists, and schools and colleges have released their pupils. But it's still a far cry from those peaceful days before the First World War when summer ushered in a period of carefree relaxation and when young and old alike looked forward to vacation ease to be followed by months, no, years of normal activities.

IN THE years that have passed since 1914 the entire complexion of American living has altered and nowhere is the change better exemplified than in the attitude of the young people of the nation. In times gone by vacation was vacation—a long holiday to be passed at mountain or seaside resort by the fortunate, in street play or suburban sports by those who had not the means to seek pleasure afar. Today, regardless of social or financial position and regardless of sex, high-school students and collegians alike, with the exception of the small group of idle rich, everywhere seek jobs for the vacation months, as apprentices in publishing houses and editorial offices, as clerks and models and salespeople in stores, as waiters and waitresses in hotels, on farms or in lumber camps, in filling stations and summer camps, anywhere and everywhere that inexperienced help is acceptable. Life wears too stern an aspect today for even the young to be content to play it away; the future is too insecure, the present too hazardous.

So, too, the young are marrying early and rearing families at once. No longer is it considered humiliating for the husband to have his wife add to the family income by working; together they can set up a home where a single paycheck would make it impossible. In little, indeed, is the change that has taken place in American customs more marked than in the present-day attitude of the young toward marriage. Where their parents felt it wise to wait until the husband could be certain of maintaining a certain standard of living, and their grandparents felt it imperative that a couple should so live as to set something aside for a rainy day, the young people of the present are willing to stake their happiness on their confidence that together they can make both ends meet and ride to success.

But if the attitude of the young is symptomatic of the change that has come over American life so also is the manner of living of their elders. In the bounteous days of the first part of the century there had grown up all over the land the institution of the country home, a home which in general was the indulgence of the well-to-do and accordingly was run on the basis of servants and outdoor help. The country home continues to flourish but more often than not without benefit of regular domestic assistance. Today the household duties are more and more frequently performed by members of the family, who cook and wash dishes, trim lawns and weed vegetable gardens as part of the routine of their days. And, indeed, this seems a saltuary trend, since it brings families into close relationship and restores the home as the center of domestic life as it has progressively less been since bicycle and automobile have lent mobility to the nation.

There is no gainsaying that the standards of value have changed with the years, changed in many respects for the better, for a freer, fuller life, less hedged round by conventions and pretension, more adapted to necessity and convenience, rendered possible in part, of course, by the enormous multiplication of devices to lighten labor.

What the years have done, as the late Frederick Lewis Allen stated in "The Big Change," is, by leveling great fortunes off at the top and lifting the scale of wages at the bottom, to bring the United States closer to being a classless society than any the world has ever known. If only Russia would so see it how happy we all might be. —A. L.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## DR. SCHWEITZER AND THE H-BOMB

BECAUSE OF MY OWN SYMPATHY for your recent editorials on the profound crisis the hydrogen bomb has created for us, I thought you and your readers might be interested in some observations Dr. Albert Schweitzer made on this crisis in a letter to the London *Daily Herald*. Himself an admirer of *The Saturday Review*, I am confident Dr. Schweitzer would be pleased to know his views had reached your readers through your columns:

> The problem of the effects of H-Bomb explosions is terribly disturbing, but I do not think that a conference of scientists is what is needed to deal with it. There are too many conferences in the world today and too many decisions taken by them.
>
> What the world should do is to listen to the warnings of individual scientists who understand this terrible problem. That is what would impress people and give them understanding and make them realize the danger in which we find ourselves.
>
> Just look at the influence Einstein has, because of the anguish he shows in face of the atomic bomb.
>
> It must be the scientists, who comprehend thoroughly all the issues and the dangers involved, who speak to the world, as many as possible of them, all telling humanity the truth in speeches and articles.
>
> If they all raised their voices, each one feeling himself impelled to tell the terrible truth, they would be listened to, for then humanity would understand that the issues were grave.
>
> If you and Alexander Hadlow [the professor who has pleaded for a United Nations conference of scientists on the H-bomb] can manage to persuade them to put before mankind the thoughts by which they themselves are obsessed, then there will be some hope of stopping these horrible explosions and of bringing pressure to bear on the men who govern.
>
> But the scientists must speak up. Only they have the authority to state that we can no longer take on ourselves the responsibility for these experiments, only they can say it.
>
> There you have my opinion. I give it to you with anguish in my heart, anguish which holds me from day to day.
>
> With my best wishes and in the hope that those who must advise us will make themselves heard.

EUGENE EXMAN.

New York, N. Y.

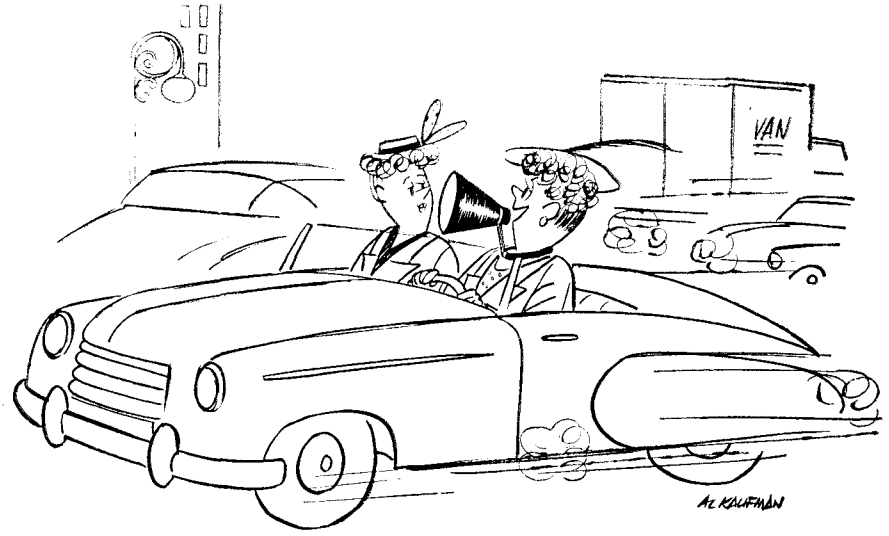
EDITOR'S NOTE: *An executive of Harper and Bros., book publishers, Mr. Exman is Dr. Schweitzer's American editor.*

## FALSE OPTIMISM?

I LIVE NEAR a large California city and I have found little evidence of the sentimental optimism which so soothes H.S. in his editorial "Public Opinion" [*SR* June 26]. Granted that the high employment level and the ingrained American heartiness predispose towards the brighter view, the fact remains that the terrifying shadow of the H-bomb hangs over all, even over the ingenuous land of sun, cinema, and assorted make-believe. Unfortunately, all the cheeriness in the world isn't going to make it go away.

H. BRIED.

Kentfield, Calif.




"I find it more effective than signalling."

## KNOWLEDGE OR INDIFFERENCE?

THE AUTHOR OF YOUR EDITORIAL "Public Opinion" has obviously returned from an invigorating trip across this country, and he has seemingly been affected by the "faith in the future, hope for a better life, and charity for the less fortunate" which he has witnessed. Assuming that he has taken such a trip, I can well understand and appreciate his optimism, for it is the same good feeling which comes from eating a fine meal, putting on a new suit, or, in this case, enjoying a vacation.

For the sake of honesty, however, and not merely to be eristic, we should keep in mind the failings of resting on what seem to be our laurels and being content with an optimism grown on sheer apathy or lack of knowledge. The author's reference to our present "satisfactory state of mind" which, he thinks, attests to the "soundness of the American people" could be dangerous, if taken too seriously. There is yet much to be done, and, while encouragement is helpful, it should be saved until we have made more of a showing towards completing our many tasks here at home and abroad.

Irrigation in Texas, if brought about, may bring hope to Texans, but the rest of the country is waiting for a more real security, one which is not achieved by material improvements alone. Furthermore, the finding of "less hysteria and more confidence" by the author does not take account of two kinds of "confidence." One is based on knowledge, the other upon indifference. The former is capable of moral indignation; the latter is not.

Deeply we hope for peace and for a justifiable optimism throughout our land. But let us be self-critical and not make any claims too soon.

HENRY A. SOSLAND.

New York, N. Y.

## SEMANTICS AND THE MAN IN THE STREET

STUART CHASE IN "Korzybski and Semantics" [*SR* June 19] draws certain morals from the fact that persons on the street do not know the meaning of "high order terms"—such as Fascism, Communism, or Creeping Socialism. What did he expect? The great majority of people do not read books, or even articles in the quality magazines, on social and intellectual or cultural movements; they read newspapers hastily, and how educational are our newspapers today?

Over 50 per cent of the talk about Communism is shallow and misleading. The men of the street are not to blame for this; our schools, colleges, and newspapers are responsible for the ignorance and confusion Mr. Chase deplores.

However, if we tried street tests with respect to such words as Americanism, Democracy, Capitalism, the results would not be more gratifying. General Semantics is not the answer. We have known for centuries that much controversy, even in print, is futile because there is no serious attempt, at the very start, to define carefully the meaning of the terms and concepts to be talked about. No teacher, lecturer, or professor should fail, whatever the subject, to define with due precision the terms and phrases he intends to use. How many actually observe this simple and essential rule?

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

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# Our Stylized Dialogue

By JOHN WHARTON

HATCHER HUGHES is a name which means nothing to younger playgoers today and is only faintly remembered by older ones. His career was singular and, on the whole, sad. After minor recognition he changed his first name from Thatcher to Hatcher and immediately won the Pulitzer Prize, a fact which no doubt created great excitement among numerologists. The award to his play "Hell Bent for Heaven" created a storm of protest and, despite numerology, he had practically no success thereafter. He died, almost forgotten, in 1945.

Whatever his merits or demerits as a playwright, he was a first-rate authority on dramaturgy. I attended a series of lectures which he gave at Columbia University in 1919 and have always felt in his debt for what he taught me.

At the time there was a growing critical and audience demand for more realism in the theatre, and Hughes skilfully analyzed the dramaturgical aspects of this movement. As I recall it, he emphasized five aspects, which he predicted would become increasingly important. They were, an aversion to purple and fustian dialogue—characters must talk naturally; a demand that exposition be integrated with the plot; insistence that exits and entrances have some semblance of being motivated; contempt for plots depending too much on coincidence, mistaken identity, or similar stock devices; and, most important, a demand that situations be built and solved from reasonable behavior of the characters and not from moving the characters like puppets in and out of the situation.

By and large, these are the elements to which more and more rigorous adherence has been demanded for the last thirty-five years. However, Hughes was the first person to point out to me that a skilful dramatist could trick his way around any of them. I recall an example he gave in regard to managing an exit, taken from Winchell Smith's play "The Boomerang."

The scene of this play is laid in the consulting room of a young doctor, who is extremely eager to make a good impression on new patients. The author desired to introduce as prospective patients a wealthy young man and his mother; he also needed to have these two converse in the presence of the audience while the doctor was off-stage. The exit of the doctor, just before the patients' arrival, was accomplished by having a servant enter and state that "the man has brought that dog you were thinking of buying."

To anyone with a modicum of critical sense this seemed like a most outrageously mechanical device to get a character off-stage. But you had to reckon with Mr. Smith. After the patient and his mother had finished their talk the doctor returned, leading a real live dog. There was a big laugh at his embarrassment over leading a dog into his office, and the audience was completely satisfied with the reason for his exit. Hadn't they seen the dog?

Another story Hughes told involved a French play and playwright, whose name I cannot remember. This involved tricking your way around a situation.

The play was a melodrama, and the author had succeeded, in his final scene, in getting his beautiful star locked up by the villain in a gas chamber, with no possible means of escape that anyone could think of. Indeed, so skilfully had this situation been built up that the dramatist himself couldn't find any reasonable solution. Eventually he hit on this ingenious idea. When the heroine had convinced herself and the audience of the hopelessness of her plight, a panel slid back and from the rear there entered a character whom the audience had seen murdered by the villain in an earlier act. He walked silently to the star, held out a key, and said, "Mademoiselle, here is the key. Go free." She stared in amazement, stammered her thanks, and said, "But—but, you are dead. How can you bring me this?" "Ah, Mademoiselle," he answered gravely, "*that* is a secret I shall take back with me to the tomb." He strode off while the curtain fell to thunderous applause.

Given a popular enough star—say, Miss Audrey Hepburn—I'm not sure a dramatist couldn't get away with that one today.

Dramatists have been evading these canons all through the years. Take the Pulitzer Prize play "Picnic." Personally, I thought it incredible that the mother, who had sensed the danger to her daughter from the bare-torsoed stranger right from the start, should go off and leave them together before the picnic started. But Mr. Inge handled it so skilfully that neither the judges nor several hundred thousand playgoers were remotely bothered by it.

Tennessee Williams is unquestionably one of our most talented playwrights. In "The Rose Tatoo" he desired to show the audience that the heroine's husband was being unfaithful to her. He accomplished this by the highly improbable act of the mistress bringing a shirt to be altered by the wife of her paramour. Later he stretched the long arm of improbable coincidence a vast distance in order to have the heroine discover the truth. Some years later she is told the then telephone number of the place where the mistress now works, calls her, and the latter cheerfully interrupts her work and without any regard for the widow's feelings babbles the story over the phone. Yet no critic even commented on these points in their reviews of the play.

ON the whole, however, Hughes was right in his prediction of an increasing demand for more naturalistic behavior. There was, and is, one point which I think he overlooked. This concerns "natural dialogue."

The purple and fustian dialogue may be gone, but the dialogue that has currently replaced it is just as stylized in its own way. Most playgoers never give this matter a thought; those who do frequently underestimate the stylization. The chief aspects are the following.

The characters in current plays are extraordinarily well-educated. Outside of pure character parts, they do not ever say "It don't" or "These kind of things," or confuse "lay" and "lie," or make any of the other common grammatical errors current among real people, from college graduates down. Members of the teaching profession who attend the theatre must marvel at the skill of the imaginary teachers who instructed our stage characters.

Moreover, they are unbelievably polite. In real groups as soon as the conversation becomes animated it is difficult to finish a proposition wthout being interrupted by one, and possibly several, people. On stage people politely wait for each speaker to conclude his point before speaking in turn.

They are also outstandingly articulate. When you or I try to explain our views we frequently find we are expressing ourselves badly; we say, "No, I don't mean that," and go back and try again; we choose the wrong word and correct it. In dialogues we

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pause and think, sometimes for unbearably long stretches, before answering a question or commenting on a viewpoint. Contrast our stage characters who seldom correct or repeat themselves, and pick up their fellow actors' cues with military precision.

Most important of all, stage characters have an ability to stick to the point and avoid wandering off on tangents to a degree unequaled in real life. I am a lawyer and have conferred thousands of times with other lawyers; we are trained to think logically and to the point. Yet the major problem of half of such conferences is to keep the participants discussing the matter they came together to discuss. When we cease being lawyers and discuss things as and with laymen it is even worse. At the crisis of a discussion most people cannot resist wandering into a by-path if something reminds them of it at the time. I know a lawyer who made it a rule never to illustrate a point with an example which referred to a living person. If he did, someone would surely say, "Oh, do you know *him*?" and his argument was lost in the following personal discussion.

Now, all of this unquestionably makes for a fast-paced, intelligible play. All I am saying here is that this is a convention accepted by modern audiences in exactly the same way that they accept the convention of blank verse in a Shakespearian play.

On second thought, I will go further. I predict that in the near future some playwright will achieve a great success by using truly realistic dialogue. William Inge's play "Picnic" may well be the one that is remembered as casting the first shadow before, although I do not know if it was Mr. Inge's script or Mr. Logan's direction. In any event, in the performance I saw the actors, for one act at least, seemed deliberately not to pick up their cues. Instead of this resulting merely in unbelievably slow pace, in some curious way it heightened the authenticity. The dialogue clearly did not, however, go to the lengths which I am predicting.

It may well be argued that naturalistic dialogue, with its confusions and ineptitudes, could not possibly be interesting to an audience, no matter how real. Experiments have been made with tape recordings of real conversations, and those who have listened to them assure me my prediction is impossible of fulfilment. I refuse to be convinced, and I will recount a story that explains my stubbornness.

WHEN Mr. Heywood Broun was working his way up the ladder of fame one rung on which he stopped briefly was the post of book editor for the *New York Tribune*. In this position he solicited contributions to his column and offered contributors, as a reward, the privilege of coming in and selecting any book they wished from the library shelves. Being then a young man with little money and much admiration for the rising journalist Mr. Broun, I entered the lists.

Mr. Broun had been lamenting the lack of true realism in contemporary novel writing. The burden of my contribution was that any novelist who included all the dull things people did, the dull subjects they discussed, and the dull way in which they discussed them, could not hold his reader to the end of his first chapter. Mr. Broun was evidently impressed, for he printed my entire communication and headed it "Hurdles for the Realist."

Mightily pleased with myself, I repaired to Mr. Broun's office, full of anticipation about the meeting and debating which of several popular new books I would select. The visit was a useful instruction in the difference between wish and reality. I was informed that Mr. Broun rarely came in and there was no chance of my seeing him. I was ushered into the library, and there I discovered that Mr. Broun thriftily sold all saleable review copies to a second-hand store and my choice was limited to such stimulating volumes as "A Theory of Nuclear Gases" or "Wildflowers of the African Veldt."

My disillusionment, however, is not my main point. My point is that shortly after I had convinced myself of the realist's hurdles a novel by an almost unknown young author leapt to the best-seller lists and established him as one of America's finest. It was "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis. Since that time I have remained convinced that the talented artist is like Henry the Fifth, who asserted that the great made their conventions and lesser people followed them.

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LOUIS CALHERN
And the Singing Voice of
MARIO LANZA
Written for the Screen by
WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN
Music from "THE STUDENT PRINCE" by
SIGMUND ROMBERG
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# Noted in Viewing

ONE lasting impression of the Army-McCarthy hearings: it was the greatest demonstration of mass myopia ever assembled. There were more pairs of horned-rims taken out, put on, taken off, and put on again than will ever be seen on any television screen again. Senators Symington, McCarthy, McClellan, Dirksen, Potter, Mundt, Jackson, Dworshak, and lawyers Jenkins and Welch not only constantly called upon their corrective lenses to decipher documents, but indicated they were in need of new prescriptions by pinching the temples of their tortoise-shells with thumb and forefinger to slant the glasses at an angle which enabled them to see more clearly what they were trying to read. And the day the Junior Senator from Wisconsin offered the huge map in evidence glasses popped all over the place and you could almost hear the murmur that went around the tables—"What map?" A competent optician could have avoided the whole mess. Particularly one specializing in foresight.

* * *

There seems to be little if any new talent to enchant viewers this coming television season. The networks seem to have contented themselves with dividing Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca so they will appear in their own separate shows, multiplying Red Skelton so that he will do an hour instead of a half-hour show, and subtracting Red Buttons from the schedule entirely. There have been some excursions into summer replacement shows in the hope of discovering something. Columbus had much smoother sailing. Two seasons ago there came into view a young man with much promise—George Gobel. So far the networks have not come up with a show for him. But right now the hottest property around, judging from his too few appearances last season, is a triple-threat gentleman—singer, actor, and all-around showman—who has matured into unmistakable stature: Frank Sinatra. Television could do with a half-hour of him every week come autumn.

* * *

Someone has advised Tony Martin on his new fifteen-minute program that if he doesn't know what to do with his hands he should get rid of them by thrusting them deep into his trouser pockets while he sings. This isn't too bad while he stands still, but when he starts to walk in the wake of the roving TV camera it throws him off balance and he seems to mince and pose as if he were Cyd Charisse.

* * *

Speaking of domestic-situation comedies—as who in the TV factories isn't—it might behoove the plotters of these future tidbits which seem to be mushrooming all over the dials to see a movie titled "Genevieve." This English picture is to my mind one of the warmest and most hilarious domestic comedies ever. Its husband and wife are neither stupid nor nagging, are very much in love with each other, tolerant of each other's whims and shortcomings, and without one joke between them. In their script they manage to come off as three-dimensional, personable human beings whose marital problems you wouldn't mind following week to week on anybody's television network. I contrast it with America's most popular married couple because "Genevieve" is the story of a long automobile ride, as was "The Long, Long Trailer," made here by the stars of our own Number One television show. As of the two I Love Genevieve.

* * *

Our radio and television sponsors grow soft. There is a legend about early radio that the irascible W. C. Fields, who was sponsored by Lucky Strike I believe, came up on his second or third program with a nephew written into the script. The nephew's name was Chester Fields, and all hell broke loose. From the trend of today's commercial sponsorship I doubt that much attention would be paid to a situation like that. Because it seems only day before yesterday that Red Barber was telling us that if we want a treat instead of a treatment—"Y'hear?"—smoke Old Golds. And it seems only yesterday that Mr. Barber was harmonizing with Dorothy Collins in the jingle that goes "Luckies taste better, do-da-do-da-do-da." But it was only this morning that I heard the same gentleman extoling Camels. I suppose a man's taste in cigarettes can change. Even his taste in beer—last year it was Schaefer's, this year Ballantine. Mr. Barber has one taste that remains constant. . . . United States money.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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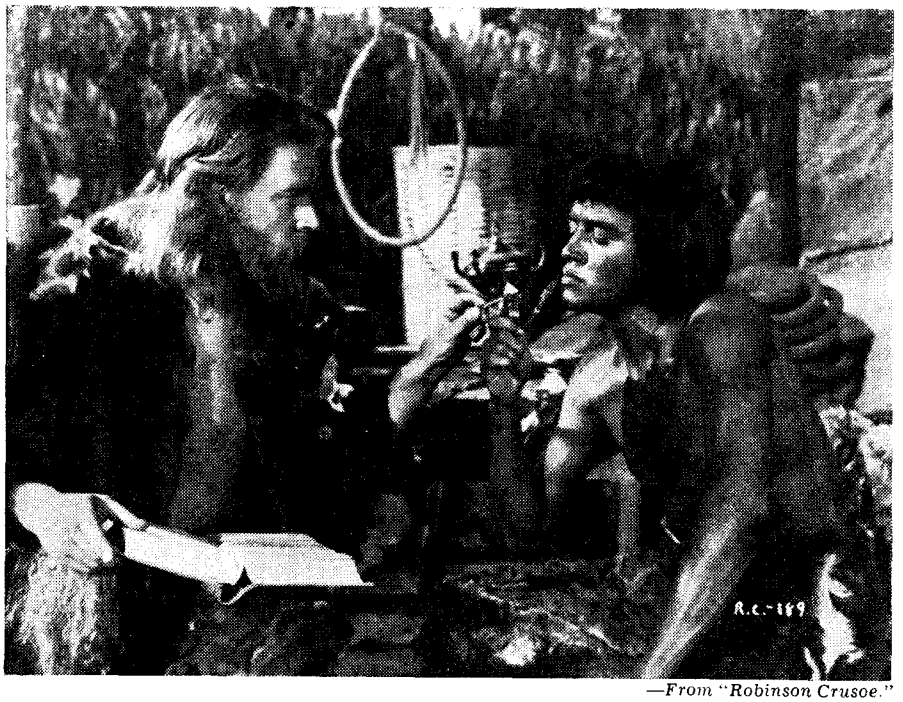
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

# The Films of Luis Bunuel



—From "Robinson Crusoe."

Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez—"a hard and bitter philosophy."

SOME twenty-five years ago the *avant garde* of the European cinema, though already accustomed to strange and even incomprehensible experiments with the film form, was at once outraged and excited by a new picture from two young Spaniards in Paris, Salvador Dali and Luis Bunuel. From its opening sequence in which a dreamy-eyed Bunuel stepped out onto a romantic balcony and casually slashed the eyeball of a young lady to its final shot of a pair of lovers putrifying in the sand, "Un Chien Andalou" was a series of deliberate and nasty shocks. Bunuel later declared that while the shocks of his film were intentional, calculated "to provoke in the spectator instinctive reactions of attraction and of repulsion," its scenario was completely irrational. Any plot element that could be explained was discarded; the film was, in effect, a conscious dream.

The dream sequence has become almost the trade mark of Bunuel's films; but as anyone who saw his "Young and the Damned" a few years ago can testify, a Bunuel dream has nothing in common with the cotton-candy dreams that dot our musicals, nor even with the screaming-meemies kind of nightmare that turned up in "The Lost Weekend." Bunuel's dreams still trace directly back to the violent, erotic symbolism of the surrealists. But soon after "Chien Andalou" and the even more scandalous "L'Age d'Or" (so scandalous, in fact, that it has never been allowed to enter the United States) Bunuel's films took a new course. Bitterly he turned his cameras directly upon the violence and brutality of life itself, believing that the surrealist shock treatment applied to realistic images could create in film audiences a greater awareness of the world around them than any straight representation of fact. His "Land Without Bread," a haunting, haunted documentary of the impoverished and inbred people of Las Hurdes, burned like a cauterizing flame. His savage "Young and the Damned" used a similar technique, young Pedro's Freudian dream coming almost as an extension of the nightmare terrors that surrounded him on every side.

For the past twelve years Bunuel has been in Mexico directing what have often been described as "commercial" pictures. Possibly some of them have already appeared in this country, shown unheralded in the numerous Spanish-speaking houses where Mexican films are normally presented. Now, however, two of these "commercial" pictures are being presented to the American public at large—and high time too, if "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" and "Subida al Cielo" are any criterion. "Robinson Crusoe" is in every way a "big" picture, filmed in subtle Pathécolor (itself a departure for Mexican films), lavishly and carefully produced. "Subida al Cielo," which the American distributors have retitled rather flatly as "Mexican Bus Ride," is just as definitely a "little" picture—a simple, even primitive plot with no great depth of characterization, obvious model shots, and settings that are too frankly studio interiors. Yet both have qualities that lift them far above the rut of either the average "big" or "little" picture.

"Robinson Crusoe" is a completely impressive work, interpreting the Daniel Defoe classic into powerful visual images. The familiar story is still largely intact; Crusoe, cast away upon a desert island, must still painfully master the arts of agriculture, carpentry, and light housekeeping. But while Bunuel certainly does not minimize these accomplishments, neither does he make them the center of his film. Basically this is not an adventure story at all, but a study in loneliness. Defoe had set his hero alone on an island for twenty-eight years; Bunuel lets us know what that loneliness really felt like. He shows it in a dozen different ways—in shots of Crusoe small and alone against the great curve of a sandy beach and an empty sea, in Crusoe's patient attempts to teach a ruby-red cockatoo to speak, in his affection for his dog, the only other survivor from the shipwreck. And in one extraordinary passage, a scene as moving and poetic as anything ever created for the screen, Bunuel succeeds in conveying completely the cruel essence of loneliness. Crusoe climbs high into the mountains and shouts the Twenty-third Psalm across the valley, sending the stately words reverberating from peak to peak. It is the echo that he wants, the sound of a human voice in his ears again.

EVENTUALLY, of course—after eighteen long years—other humans do come to the island, and Crusoe joyfully follows the first naked footprints in the sand. They lead to cannibals, savages feasting on the flesh of one of their number. In a panic he retreats to his stockade, scattering his precious flock lest their sounds reveal his presence. From these savages Crusoe rescues Friday; and Bunuel seems to have taken a special pleasure in exploring the uneasy relationship between the fearful master and his half-tamed servant—especially when the two come to discuss Scripture.

A hard and bitter philosophy lies

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at the heart of this disturbing film. Bunuel reminds us that man, with all his physical wants satisfied, is still a social animal, needing contact with other people to establish his own identity. But with other people comes fear, distrust, the need for defenses. It is a film filled with significance for today, just as Defoe's novel pointed a moral for its readers two centuries ago. Unlike Defoe, however, Bunuel never stoops to moralizing, never breaks the thread of his narrative to underscore an idea. As a result, except for the inevitable dream (a fever vision in which Crusoe rejects his father) and some wildly savage moments of cannibal fighting, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" might pass as an ideal feature for a children's matinee. On the other hand, for an aware, adult audience there are depths to this film that make it a rare and rewarding experience. Dan O'Herlihy, formerly of the Abbey Players, is magnificent in the title role, a difficult assignment.

"SUBIDA al Cielo" (Clasa-Mohme) is as bright and sparkling as "Robinson Crusoe" is somber; but again just below the surface lurk insights and observations which if stated more overtly would alter the key of the entire film. The main part of the story takes place on one of those outsized, rattletrap buses that daily imperil the lives of traveling Mexicans. The young hero must journey to a nearby city to fetch a lawyer to his dying mother's bedside. His co-passengers are all readily recognizable types—the carefree driver, the blustering politician, the woman about to have a baby, an expropriated landowner who has little left but his dignity, the town tart. But unlike the characters in most films of this genre (say, just as two random examples, "It Happened One Night" and "The High and the Mighty"), these characters always act just as you might expect them to. The driver stops his bus at his mother's house so that everyone can help celebrate her birthday, the landowner sits through the gay brawl teaching good table manners to his grandchild, the tart pursues the young hero, and the hero (after a particularly amusing dream sequence) sleeps with her out of a mixture of both annoyance and desire. These are simple, ordinary people and Bunuel reveals them with something close to affection—an affection that he even extends, surprisingly enough, to a busload of visiting Shriners down from the States to see a real native fiesta. In "Subida al Cielo" Bunuel has for the first time commingled life and death, goodness and villainy without bitterness or blame.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

# *Music in Vienna*

VIENNA.

THIS year's Vienna Festival revealed once again that, with Edinburgh, it offers a more varied and better balanced program of music than any of the other European jamborees. There was something for everybody's taste, with two or three operas and two concerts scheduled on an average day. The Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, which represents the conservative element, staged a Haydn festival in connection with the much-publicized return of the composer's skull to the rest of his mortal remains, now in the Bergkirche at Eisenstadt. The Konzerthaus, which caters to avant-garde tastes, put on a series of concerts the core of which was the complete works of Alban Berg, his music for the stage (*i.e.*, "Lulu" and "Wozzeck") excepted. On Sundays and holidays (of which there were a good many in May and June) Viennese churches outdid each other in elaborate performances of religious music by Palestrina, Albrechstberger, Michael and Joseph Haydn, Mozart, Salieri, Schubert, Bruckner, Dvorak, and so on. And there was theatre from Aristophanes ("Lysistrata") to Shaw, as well as classical operetta superbly staged at the Volksoper.

The Haydn festival had the dubious distinction of being planned without a single Haydn symphony on the schedule. The press reacted violently to this, and rather shamefacedly the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde managed to insert Symphony No. 99 before a performance of Beethoven's Ninth (why this work was played at a Haydn festival is not clear). Otherwise there were "The Creation," "The Seasons," the "Nelson Mass," two evenings of chamber music, an evening of concertos, "Orfeo," "Lo Speziale," and the "Missa Stae. Caeciliae." It sounds scarcely credible, but the opera "Lo Speziale" was performed by the Vienna Boys Choir, with two pianos instead of the orchestra. On the other hand, "Orfeo" was a great success, and the cast well chosen: Wilma Lipp, Theresa Stich-Randall, Julius Patzak, and Alfred Poell. Robert Heger conducted the Vienna Symphony. The climax of the Haydn festival proved to be the "Missa Stae. Caeciliae," a work available to LP buyers in the United States but completely unknown here. The conductor was the energetic young Italian Nino Sanzogno, who elicited gorgeous C major pageantry from the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Symphony. The soloists—Lipp, Rössel-Majdan, Patzak, and Otto Edelmann—were again first rate, and there was a standing applause of ten minutes at the end of the work.

The State Opera put on a new production of Handel's "Julius Caesar," in the arrangement of Hans Hagen originally written for the Göttingen Handel Festival. To stage a Handel opera is at best a tricky business, and in this instance one felt that the costumes were not always in the best of taste: the men were clothed *à l'antique,* the women in the elaborate hoop skirts of George II's era. Karl Böhm (now director of the State Opera) conducted, the Vienna Philharmonic played ravishingly, and a brilliant cast (Paul Schöffler, Elisabeth Höngen, Anton Dermota, Seefried, Gottlob Frick) had been assembled. In fact all the ingredients but one were present to insure the perfect Handel revival. The missing vital element was musicological supervision. Da capo arias, in the usual A-B-A form, were shortened to absurdity in the second "A" part, and in some cases both the "B" and "A" sections were omitted; none of the singers except Seefried knew how to sing the appoggiaturas; the G-horn parts, in those sections where Handel writes for four horns, were given to trumpets for no particular reason, as Viennese horn players are quite capable of executing the high notes; in the overture, the typical French dotted rhythms were not shortened as they should have been. In a word, the assembled forces had but little idea of

Blanche Thebom—"unique talents."

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the music they were interpreting. Nevertheless, we were all grateful to hear this splendid, majestic score which contains some of the most beautiful music Handel ever wrote.

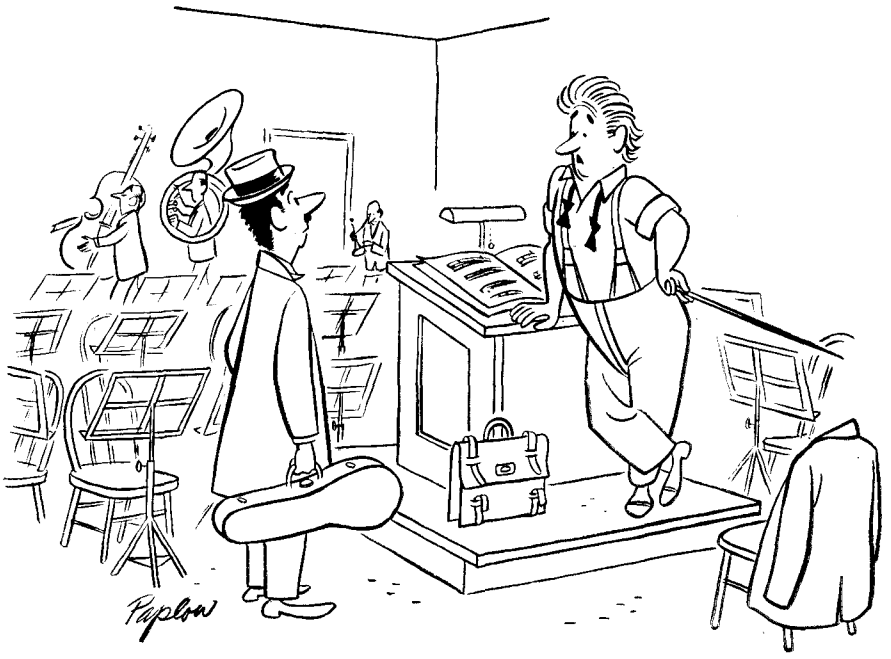
The concerts in the Konzerthaus were opened by Eugene Ormandy, who conducted a solid, thoroughly routine performance of the symphonic pieces from Berg's "Lulu" and a virtuoso reading of Prokofiev's Sixth Symphony. Ernst Märzendorfer, a young Austrian, conducted a program consisting almost wholly of Berg: the "Drei Orchesterstücke" (very problematical, introspective pieces of 1914), "Fünf Orchesterlieder" (1912) and the concert aria "Der Wein" (1929), a marvelous piece which deserves to be far better known than it is. High points of the Berg cycle were excellent performances of the "Kammerkonzert" and the Violin Concerto (Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Vienna Symphony, conducted by George Szell). At another particularly interesting concert this one conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser, Blanche Thebom sung Krenek's "Medea," a grippingly dramatic concert aria which has a certain relationship to Schœnberg's "Erwartung." Thebom's voice was one of the sensations of the festival, and it was generally agreed that the State Opera would do well to engage her unique talents for the coming season. On the same program were "Entrata," a work for enormous orchestra by Carl Orff, which repeats one diatonic progression *ad nauseam*, and the world première of Friedrich Wildgans's "Eucharistic Hymns."

Perhaps the highlight of this year's festival was a performance of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" in the "realization" of Paul Hindemith. It was given its world première in the Konzerthaus, for which purpose the concert platform was turned into a stage with simple, effective sets. Lest it be misunderstood, Hindemith's version was an attempt to reconstruct the original "short score," as one might describe the authentic first edition, first printed in 1609. The Konzerthaus went to extravagant lengths to secure the necessary instruments: an *organo di legno*, especially constructed for the performance by Professor Josef Mertin; a *regal* (portable organ consisting of reed stops) of the year 1556, borrowed from the monastery of Lambach in Upper Austria; priceless violas and gambas from the collection of Nicolaus d'Harnoncourt (a young member of the Vienna Symphony), including a beautiful instrument made in Brescia about 1580; a baroque *positiv* (portable organ without pedals) of the year 1728; and a double-choir lute made in Würzburg about 1750. An attempt was even made to reconstruct *cornetti*, wooden trumpets with finger holes, from Renaissance instruments in the museum here, but the players could not master these in time, and English horns had to be substituted. The sound of these old instruments was often intoxicating, especially the sweet, delicate tone of the gambas and violas; but there were, unfortunately, many compromises, and Hindemith's counter melodies were not always convincing. Orfeo was sung by Gino Sinimberghi, and it was a joy to hear the coloratura passages executed in the light, dancing style which is now all but extinct; Proserpina was sung by Mona Paulee, who has been in Vienna for some time and who, we hope, will appear at the opera, where she is needed.

A NEWLY discovered Mass in D major by Antonio Salieri was performed in the Minoritenkirche, the Italian church for which it was originally composed. The work was a very dull affair indeed, really not worth all the time and money which must have been expended on its resuscitation. A fine experience, however, was Bruckner's powerful Mass in D minor, which is, to my mind, superior to that in F minor and only surpassed by the Mass in E minor with wind band accompaniment. The D minor was performed, as part of the church service, in the Hofburg, the Emperor's private chapel, and since those in E and F minor had been played the week before in the same church, a good opportunity for comparison was provided.

"The Last shall be first," and we shall reserve our closing comments for the impressive Furtwängler concert that opened the festival. It was an evening of Schubert ("Rosamunde" Overture, the "Unfinished," and the "great" C major Symphony) played by the Vienna Philharmonic in the historic Grosse Musikvereinsaal. There was a time when I was inclined to object to Furtwängler's liberties with tempi, to find fault with his slow andantes and adagios, his ponderous climaxes; but more and more as the years go on, I am drawn to the compelling personality of this conductor and to his intellectual grasp of huge symphonic forms. Bruckner's Eighth, which he recently conducted here, was an unforgettable experience, and his performance of the Schubert C major Symphony revealed years of intense study and thought, so that the huge work seemed to unfold like a great panorama of beauty, not as a series of unconnected movements. One is inclined to write of Furtwängler now more than ever before; Toscanini has retired, or at least given up a regular conducting schedule, and his great German contemporary is, since his last illness, an old man. A quotation, made in connection with the Haydn-Salomon concerts by the London *Morning Chronicle* on April 9, 1794, might not be inappropriate: "Though under the necessity of repeating the same names (for where are their equals?) and the same praises, which never sufficiently express the delicious sensations that these Performers at some moments excite, yet to be silent would be flagrant injustice."

—H. C. Robbins Landon.




"I'd like to give you a job, but right now I have more violinists than I can shake a stick at."

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# *SR*'s World Travel Calendar

## AUGUST. SEPTEMBER. OCTOBER

### Austria

BREGENZ FESTIVAL *(Bregenz, Aug. 1-15)*: "Die Fledermaus." "Hamlet," ballet, concerts.

SALZBURG FESTIVAL *(Salzburg, Aug. 1-30)*: "Everyman," "Der Freischutz," "Cosi fan tutte," "Don Giovanni," "Ariadne auf Naxos," Mozart concerts.

FEAST OF ASSUMPTION *(Nationwide, Aug. 15)*: Bonfires on mountains, especially near Innsbruck. Important in 1954 because this is Marian Year.

CHURCH DAY *(Hochosterwitz in Carinthia, Sept. 5)*: Costume festival, medieval armor of Styrian mercenaries worn.

TRADE FAIRS: *(Vienna, Sept. 12-19; Graz, Sept. 25-Oct. 10.)*

MUSIC MEETING *(Vienna, Oct. 4-10)*: International Congress for Catholic Church music.

### Belgium

BLESSING THE SEA *(Heist-Duinbergen and La Panne, Aug. 15)*: Parades, processions at both places.

WEDDING OF GIANTS *(Ath, Aug. 21, 22)*: Folklore festivities, processions.

PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE *(Brussels, Sept. 19)*: Commemorating days of September 1830.

FOOD FAIR *(Brussels, Oct. 2-17)*: The 25th international exhibition.

### Britain

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Stratford-Upon-Avon, August-Oct. 30)*: "Othello." "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew."

INTERNATIONAL SOARING CHAMPIONSHIP *(Great Hucklow, Aug. 1-4)*: Top forty gliders in the world to compete.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Ystradgynlais, Wales, Aug. 2-7, Royal National Eisteddfod; Shrewsbury, Aug. 18, 19; Edinburgh, Aug. 22-Sept. 11, ballet, the Old Vic, concerts, Comédie Française)*.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Worcester, Sept. 5-10)*.

BACH FESTIVAL *(Bath, Oct. 9-16)*.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW *(London, Oct. 20-30)*.

### Canada

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL *(Stratford, Aug. 1-21)*: James Mason in "Measure for Measure," "Oedipus Rex." Third play, "Taming of the Shrew."

EMPIRE GAMES *(Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 1-7)*: Top athletes of British Empire to take part, including England's Gordon Pirie, Australia's John Landy.

GAELIC MOD *(St. Ann's, N.S., Aug. 6-11)*.

GOLF *(Montreal, Aug. 20-22)*: Canada Cup Matches.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION *(Toronto, Aug. 27-Sept. 11)*.

TUNA CUP *(Wedgeport, N.S., Sept. 8-10)*.

INTERNATIONAL PLOWING MATCHES *(Breslau, Ont., Oct. 12-15)*.

### Denmark

DANISH INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Fredericia, Aug. 5-15)*.

FIRE REGATTA *(Silkeborg, Aug. 22)*: River illuminated, fireworks.

CABINETMAKERS JUBILEE *(Copenhagen, Sept. 16-26)*.

NATIONAL FLOWER SHOW *(Copenhagen, Oct. 29-Nov. 7)*.

### Finland

SCANDINAVIAN HISTORICAL SCIENTISTS' CONGRESS *(Turku, Aug. 3-6)*.

ART EXHIBITS *(Helsinki: 13th annual Young Artists' Exhibition, Sept. 9-26; The Child in Art, Sept. 27-Oct. 17)*.

### France

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Evian, Aug. 1-3; Orange, Aug. 1-6; Aix-les-Bains, Aug. 1-10; Monton, Aug. 3-15; Vaison La Romaine, Aug. 27-30; Besançon, Sept. 8-12)*.

FOUNTAIN DISPLAYS *(Versailles, Aug. 1, 8, 15, 29; Sept. 5, 19; Oct. 10)*.

MARIAN YEAR PILGRIMAGE *(Lourdes, Aug. 15)*.

GRAND PARDON *(Aug. 20, 30, Plonevez-Porzay)*: Tribute to St. Anne-la-Palud.

### Germany

WAGNER FESTIVAL *(Bayreuth, Aug. 1-22)*: "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Parsifal."

OPERA FESTIVAL *(Munich, Aug. 12-Sept. 9)*: "Arabella," "Capriccio," "Elektra," "Rozenkavalier".

GRAND WEEK *(Baden Baden, Aug. 25-31)*.

BERLIN FESTIVAL *(Berlin, Sept. 18-Oct. 5)*: Opera, ballet, concerts, art exhibitions, book readings. La Scala Opera to present "Lucia di Lammermoor."

### Hawaii

HULA FESTIVAL *(Honolulu, Aug. 8, 15, 22, 29)*.

FISHING FESTIVAL *(Laie Beach, Oahu, Aug. 28)*.

CARNIVAL *(Pahala, Sept. 4-6)*.

ALOHA WEEK *(Honolulu, Oct. 18-23)*: Parades, pageants, sports events.

REGATTA *(Honolulu, Oct. 25-31)*.

### India

MUHARRAM *(Sept. 9)*: Solemn ceremony.

DURGA PUJA *(Bengal, Oct. 4-7)*: Tribute to Goddess Durga.

DUSSERAH *(Asvin or Kartik, Oct. 7)*: Commemorate victory of Lord Rama, the epic hero, over Ravana, the demon king.

DIWALI *(Nationwide, Oct. 27)*: Festival of Lamps.

### Ireland

DUBLIN HORSE WEEK *(Dublin, Aug. 3-7)*: International jumping contests; at least 1,000 horses of best stock.

GOLF *(Dublin, Aug. 31)*: Amateur Open.

HURLING *(Dublin, Sept. 5)*: All-Ireland Senior Finals.

BLOODSTOCK SHOW *(Belfast, Oct. 13-15)*.

ART SHOW *(Dublin, Oct. 25-30)*.

### Israel

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION *(Mt. Zion, Aug. 15)*: Place where the Virgin is supposed to have concluded her earthly life.

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY *(Haifa, Sept. 8)*: Torchlight procession.

PILGRIMAGE *(Jaffa, Oct. 22)*: Trek to home of mother of Apostles James, John.

### New Zealand

SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Nationwide in ski areas.)*

LABOR DAY *(Nationwide, Oct. 25)*: Sports events, spring festivals.

### South Africa

AZALEA WEEK *(Pietermaritzburg, Sept. 24-30)*.

FLOWER SHOW *(Cape Town, Oct. 19)*: Peak of wild-flower season in the Cape Province.

JACARANDA FESTIVAL *(Pretoria, Oct. 15-21)*.

### Spain

SEMANA GRANDE *(San Sebastian, Aug. 8-15)*: Regattas, sports meets, music, folklore.

"THE MYSTERY OF ELCHE," *(Elche, Aug. 14, 15)*: Ancient lyrical-liturgical drama.

GRAPE FESTIVAL *(Jerez de la Frontera, Sept. 11-14)*.

BASQUE ROWING CONTEST *(San Sebastian, Sept. 12)*.

MICHAELMAS FAIR *(Seville, Sept. 27-29)*: Parades, bull fights.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PILLAR *(Zaragoza, Oct. 11-18)*: Grand general Rosary, folklore rally, fireworks, musical contests.

### Sweden

"PETRUS DE DACIS" *(Visby, Aug. 3, 4, 6)*: Miracle play with music in ruins of St. Nicholas Church.

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Stockholm, Aug. 13-15)*: Swedish title matches.

ARCHERY *(Malmo, Aug. 21, 22)*: Swedish championships.

### Switzerland

"WILLIAM TELL" *(Interlaken, Aug. 1, 5, 8, 12, 15, 22, 29; Sept. 5)*.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Concert Weeks, Engadine, Aug. 1-20; "Fêtes de Genève," Geneva, Aug. 13-15; Six Nations Dance Festival, Scuol-Tarasp-Vulpera Spa, Aug. 14, 15; Ascona, Aug. 15-Sept. 15.)*

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Berne, Aug. 25-29)*: European championships.

"RECONTRES INTERNATIONALES" *(Geneva, Sept. 1-11)*: Lectures by leading scholars.

"COMPTOIR SUISSE" *(Lausanne, Sept. 11-26)*: 35th Agricultural, Industrial, Trade Fair.

### USA

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Ravinia Park Festival, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1-15; Aspen Institute, featuring concerts, lectures, forums, seminars, Aspen, Colo., Aug. 1-Sept. 5; Berkshire Festival, Tanglewood in Lenox, Mass., Aug. 1-15; Castle Hill, Ipswich, Mass., Fridays, Saturdays, Aug. 1-21; Red Rocks Festival, Denver, Colo., Aug. 1-15; Bennington, Vt., Aug. 16-30; Chicagoland Music Festival, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 21.)*

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVALS *(Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O., Aug. 1-Sept. 12—"Taming of the Shrew," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Othello." San Diego, Cal., Aug. 1-Sept. 4—"Merchant of Venice," "Coriolanus," "King Henry IV." Ashland, Ore., Aug. 1-31—"Hamlet," "A Winter's Tale," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry VI, Part 2.")*

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

# What Do You Want, Oomph in Your Butter?

WE HAVE swapped some conversation anent the subject of Europe with two renowned travelers, Mr. Burton Holmes, who was going, and Mr. Duncan Hines, who was coming. "We had more fun than a case of monkeys, but I'll be durned glad when that train gets in tomorrow night and I get me some hot biscuits," said Mr. Hines. "My life's work is done; I'm just going over to get a last look at the Continent," said Mr. Holmes.

Mr. Hines, fresh from the *Queen Elizabeth*, received us in his suite at Manhattan's Ambassador Hotel. Mr. Holmes would settle for nothing but a phone conversation. "Now I'll just talk to you like this, and if you want to look at me you can come down to the boat, but I won't have time to talk to you down there. Why I'm eighty-four or eighty-five. There are lots of others doing better work than I ever did. All these new methods and devices. Oh, I've seen them. Didn't use to be so many restrictions as there are nowadays. You could go anywhere. Of course, the people liked best the pictures we did about London and Paris. There were not so many when we talked about Angkor Wat."

Not wishing to intrude on Mr. Holmes's time or privacy, we foreswore going down to the ship, but we can attest that his voice sounded strong and alert. We told him so. He said: "Well, maybe it still sounds good, but I haven't been well these past few years. I have been living in retirement in California. Now we are going across again. Twice over and back with a tour. We're not going to conduct the tour on the Continent, just ride over on the boat. Seems the people want to look at me."

As for Mr. Hines, who has been evaluating the state of the watercress and the doilies in the nation's tearooms and restaurants these last decades, this was his first excursion to Europe. At times he found its customs a little unsettling. "How the devil can you make coffee so lousy?" Hines asked an Italian waiter. "If I drink this, I won't have to shave for four days. It'll stop all growth."

In Holland he ate cheese for breakfast, but when he got to Germany he was aghast to see citizens quaffing a brew as an eye-opener. And in France, why the day started with a glass of white wine! All this was distressing to America's caloric-classifier. Back home in Kentucky breakfast always means a nice bowl of Corn Flakes and a lump of vanilla ice-cream. "You just put a little ice-cream on the spoon, see, and roll it around in the corn flakes. You don't have to bother with cream and sugar," says Duncan Hines.

There was much over yonder that did not earn the Hines seal of approval. The spaghetti in Italy "had no oomph in it, no authority at all." And there was the occasion of the train ride from Florence to Venice when he ordered three ham sandwiches, some oranges, and mineral water. He gave the vendor "1,500 of those Italian bucks," or about $2.40. "Why the ham in those sandwiches you could put in front of your glasses and still read the morning paper." Everywhere in Europe the butter was sweet. "I like a little oomph in my butter, so when the waiter wasn't looking I just put some salt on it." What's more, he didn't like the dinner hours. "People don't eat over there until ten o'clock in the night. Hell, I'm scared when it's dark. I want to go home." Even when it was early one thing Hines couldn't get down was baby octopus. "I can't see why people would eat those crazy little octopus things unless they were intoxicated."

On the other hand, there were some merits. The ravioli, for instance. Best he ever ate anywhere. Also the rice and shrimp in Venice, which breathed with the unmistakable essence of garlic, the only garlic-seasoned dish he was served the whole time in Italy. Eating habits were better in Europe, too. "They don't bolt it and beat it over there." The cutlery is heavier, larger, and sharper than ours, which in a strange way makes for better manners. "The knife is always sharp as a razor," said the author of "Adventures in Good Eating," "hence you never see anyone eating food off the knife."

To remember were the pickled pork, the *bratwurst*, and the *kartoffelsalad* in a little *stube* in Frankfurt. And the Chez Maud Michel in Paris, which had wonderful scallops. "I had fun with that old lady that runs that place." Hines recalled. "She brought out some real old brandy. I kissed her on both cheeks and I got her around the waist and give her a slap, and she said, 'Oh, you're a nice man'."

HINES'S procedure in the United States differs somewhat. Should he come upon an unknown restaurant over here he usually "takes a look in the window to see if they got tops on their ketchup bottles and covers on the sugar bowls. Then I go around back to see if they throw their gar-

Duncan Hines—". . . [do] they throw their garbage to the neighborhood dogs?"

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bage to the neighborhood dogs." This procedure has given him a following of millions who wouldn't sail one mile along the alimentary canal without checking Duncan Hines first. Duncan Hines plans no book on Europe. He got all his information from friends or drivers over there. His advice to Americans is merely to ask the head-waiter what each dish means. "Might have twenty-two letters and turn out to be gull. Matter of fact there were gull eggs on the menu of the *Queen Elizabeth*. If you're not sure of the cookin', order ham and eggs. And if the yoke don't stand up above the white like the morning sun, those eggs are no good, see?"

Besides eating his way from the Thames to the Rhine, Hines and wife managed a little shopping. When they landed back in New York after ten weeks in eight countries they were about $1,900 over their $1,000 quota of duty-free souvenirs. Missus had gone for a hand-knit dress in Paris, some lace in Brussels. As for mister, he said, "My business is eating, but my hobby is watches." He pulled up his sleeves and revealed watches on both arms. He dug into a trouser pocket and came up with a timepiece that was glass on both sides. A dozen wheels were clicking away silently but surely to bring Hines the time, which was a little hard to read. "Took two men three months to make this," he said. "Cost a bit, but it saves me money. I'm so dead-blamed busy winding these watches up I don't have time to buy drinks for some blamed redhead."

Looking back, Hines had some reflections on ship cuisine. He found that French Line cuisine lived up to its reputation. "The French spend so much time making it look pretty. On the English boats the food is very good, but they don't doll it up so." Outstanding dish of the trip was some French Line peas. "They were canned, see, but the way they put the oomph into it with the seasoning, my!" He had some ideas for future trips too. "Over there the vegetables are swimming in sauce and you can't taste the flavor of the vegetables. Next time I go I'm going to take me a little boat to put the sauce in."

Besides eating and shopping, Hines got a chance or two to see the traditional sights, especially the Folies Bergère. "I had these women with me and they were dead set on going. Well, 150 feet down the street from the theatre is this Auberge de Père Louis. Now if you like Scotch whiskey they give it to you there. Now most places, you ask for Scotch whiskey over there and you get kerosene. But this place serves it in these drinking glasses, see? Why I was drinking Scotch whiskey with the soup, the fish, and the meat." What about the performance at the Folies? "Oh, hell's fire," said Duncan Hines, "I've seen enough nekkid women in my life, see?" —HORACE SUTTON.

### HINES ACROSS THE SEA

After a ten-week **eating** tour of **Europe**, **Duncan** Hines's own **restaurant** recommendations are as follows:

**LA PETITE AUBERGE,** outside Avignon.
**LAPÉROUSE,** Paris.
**CARLTON,** Brussels.
**A L'EPAULE DE MOUTON,** Brussels.
**SAVOY HOTEL,** London.
**VICTORIA-JUNGFRAU HOTEL,** Interlaken.
**HOSTARIA DELL'ORSO,** Rome.

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# The Criminal Record

*The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

| Title and Author | Crime, Place, and Sleuth | Summing Up | Verdict |
|---|---|---|---|
| THIN AIR *Howard Browne* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50) | NY ad vice-tycoon uses own agency to trail missing spouse. | Chase takes in city suburbs, as hubby snarls at cops. | Frenzied and furious |
| THE THIRD SKIN *John Bingham* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75) | Young Londoner coaxed into crime; mother fences with Yarders. | Fast-paced, sympathetic, effective; neat windup. | Unusual, also good |
| GREATEST CRIMES OF THE CENTURY *A. W. Pezet and Bradford Chambers* (Stravon: $2) | Oscar Wilde, Landru, Cleveland butcher, Thompson-Bywaters, Pa. hex killing, NY white-slave job. | Cases interesting, but several have already been done to death. | Mixed bag |
| THE DOVEBURY MURDERS *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75) | Dr. Priestley once more puts an inept Scotland Yard in its place— | —but this one is moderately ingenious and steps along. | Ploddingly pleasant |
| BLIND ALLIES *Baynard Kendrick* (Morrow: $2.75) | Sightless D. Maclain explores oilionaire's NY mansion; finds much. | Most of cast (including dogs) will be familiar to fans. | Dime-novel type |
| THE THIRD BULLET *John Dickson Carr* (Harper: $2.75) | Seven shorts (six British, one US) all from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. | Situation-studies offer neat puzzles; some tongue-in-cheekiness. | Chess problems |
| HIS NAME WAS DEATH *Frederic Brown* (Dutton: $2.75) | LA killer who got away with it tangles self in cover-up. | Precise blueprint takes charge of story; personnel suffers. | Simplify, simplify! |
| THE MOON GATE *Carroll Cox Estes* (Crime Club: $2.75) | Dallas heiress in middle as corpses multiply; law and lawyers busy. | Deft handling compensates for rather thin story. | On balance, a plus mark |

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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# Poor Pilgrim, Poor Stranger

*Continued from page 9*

this omission. Within the past year he was still receiving letters from persons who had read his novels and short stories of years ago. It was the kind of applause every really creative writer wants. So he had money and literary recognition of a high caliber. What more could a man want? In addition to these advantages, he looked ten years younger than his age; when he chose to be he was an engaging and amusing raconteur; he appeared to possess unusual energy and stamina; he was sought after by people constantly, not that he wanted to be, for often he wanted to be alone and unnoticed. Yet to those who did not know him well this, too, appeared an advantage to be envied. So they said he had already had everything, and that he died on the rise of his new book's success, and that it was a good time to die.

But the last time I saw Bill March he was enraged at the idea that his end might be near. It was about two weeks after his first heart attack, and I went to see him at the hospital. He talked of a new book he was planning. First he had decided to call it "Poor Pilgrim, Poor Stranger," then he had changed his mind: he was going to call it "The Gift." He kept saying that he could not die now. All he wanted, he said, was ten more years. He had five books in his head, and it would take him that long to complete them. The idea of his heart going bad was ridiculous. He had always worried about his blood pressure and his eyes, he told me, as he had told me many times before, and once he had suspected he had cancer, which had been proven fear and nothing more, for he knew he was a hypochondriac. He believed all his ailments, including this heart attack, were psychosomatic. I agreed with him and went away, and I did not see him again within the five more weeks he lived.

IN A sense two men died that morning in Dumaine Street, for few men have lived so completely two lives as did the one I usually called "Bill March." He was born in Mobile, and his full and real name was William Edward March Campbell; he was "William March" in some circles and to some friends, "William E. Campbell" to other circles and other friends, yet both among still others. This dual identity was always confusing when it was necessary to introduce him to people.

William E. Campbell was a founder, former vice-president, and major stockholder of the Waterman Steamship Line. After a year or more in the Marine Corps during World War I, and the acquisition of a distinguished record which won him the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Croix de Guerre, he went to work for Waterman. Within a short time he became traffic manager, then vice president. He acquired stock and it increased in value. From 1932 to 1937 he represented Waterman in Germany and in England. Then he returned to New York, where he lived for the next decade.

William March was born in about 1928, when William E. Campbell decided to use that name as a writer. Yet he had done some writing even before that. During his war service overseas he had written the book and lyrics for a musical comedy, which he called "Getting Too-Loose." It was staged at the University of Toulouse, and was, he always declared, a magnificent success. But his serious writing began with the 1928 publication of a short story, "The Little Wife," and the completion of a novel, "Flight to Confusion." He destroyed the latter without submitting it to any publisher. "The Little Wife," however, has never been forgotten: it was broadcast as a television play this year.

"Company K," a novel about his own company of Marines during World War I, was called by some reviewers the best novel written about that war, and it sold well when it appeared in 1933. This was followed in 1934 by "Come in at the Door," in 1936 by "The Tallons," and in 1943 by "The Looking Glass." But during these years he was becoming better known for his short stories than for his novels. His stories were appearing steadily in all the better magazines, and few writers of our time have been more widely anthologized in the O'Brien and O. Henry annuals, in many others, finally in his own collections of his own short stories, which included "The Little Wife and Other Stories," "Some Like Them Short" and "Trial Balance." "Trial Balance," he often said, contained all that was "worth preserving" of his enormous short-story output. There are fifty-five stories in the book. One of his ambitions was to write and publish forty-five more, thus rounding out a hundred worth preserving. He had, also, he said, a hundred fables he wanted to see in book form. I never saw them.

After fifteen years of being his fan

I first met William March four years ago. He had taken a furnished apartment in the French Quarter in New Orleans. When a friend offered to take me to see him I was excited at the prospect of meeting him. I suppose most writers have certain literary gods. For years he had been one of mine. I had read and reread everything of his I could get my hands on. I had collected him. I did not even know he was also William E. Campbell. I knew nothing about his personal life at all. When I asked David Mynders Smythe, the writer friend who was taking me to call on him, and who had known him in New York, what he looked like, David replied that he looked like a preacher with wicked eyes.

It was a rather neat description. I met a man of medium height, of slim physique and erect carriage, with a thick crop of wavy, graying hair. He looked much younger than what I knew his age to be, and his whole appearance was mild; his voice was soft; his manner gentle. Only his eyes were different. They gleamed from behind his glasses, probing, studying everyone in the room, and, as I came to know later, analyzing everyone. Then, as I became conscious of what the quiet voice was saying, I discovered it was a highly barbed monologue that was pouring out at us, witty, mischievous, brilliant.

For Bill March loved to talk, and he talked a great deal about himself, curiously perhaps as if he were another person. He dug deeply into others, too, but mostly, and I think preferably, into himself. As I came to know him better I heard bit by bit the entire story of his life, and nothing was omitted. I believe he had total recall. He would talk of something that had happened when he was three years of age as if it had taken place

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yesterday. He talked of his childhood, of his parents, of his brothers and sisters (he was one of eleven children, of whom seven survived him), of his service in World War I, of his years with Waterman, of his writing, even of the time when his emotional life got the best of him for a while and suspended his writing, suspended his life. He would tell all this to nearly anyone. During an evening he would also tell the entire story of a novel he was planning to write, and because he was a gifted raconteur this was never a dull experience.

DURING the first few years after I came to know him he did not live in New Orleans all the time. He rented furnished apartments, but he called Mobile home, and he came and went, sometimes vanishing for weeks at a time, but always reappearing in New Orleans. At last he decided the French Quarter suited him, and about a year ago he bought the house in Dumaine Street and moved all his possessions from Mobile, although he still retained a legal residence in that city.

Among his other things Bill brought his pictures to the small creole cottage, as its type is called in New Orleans, and which was the first home he had ever owned in his life. This collection of pictures was considered by many authorities to be one of the finest of its sort in the United States. Mostly French moderns, it contained Rouaults, Soutines, Modiglianis, Picassos, a fine Utrillo, and others. He had begun the collection during the decade when his life was in a period of greatest turmoil, and when he was not writing. He had taught himself about paintings simply by reading about them and by visiting galleries and dealers. By the time he reached New Orleans he was willing to match his knowledge of the schools in which he was interested against anyone, and he valued his collection at a half-million dollars. He was positive in his judgment of his paintings' worth. Soutine was his favorite, and he thought Soutine would one day be recognized to be as great as anyone who ever painted, as Titian, as Rembrandt.

In comparison to his pictures he had little else of great value. His furniture was pleasant, but of the commonplace, store-bought variety. Unlike most writers, he did not even have many books. He did not even own copies of his own books. Those he had once had he had given away. Once when we were having a drink in the patio of the house he had just acquired he said, "Do you know I don't have a single old manuscript? I have no files, or anything of that sort. I had stopped writing. I was through with it."

Somehow New Orleans seemed to start him writing again. Here he wrote "October Island," which was published in 1953. It was an expansion of a short story that was published in *Good Housekeeping* years ago. Immediately he began the writing of "The Bad Seed."

It seems to me he had begun to live again. Suddenly he was talking of the other five novels he was carrying about in his mind, of the forty-five more good short stories he wanted to write, of the hundred fables he wanted to see published. Formerly he had made frequent trips to New York; now he ceased going. It was a waste of time, he said. He had never cared much for social life; he loathed cocktail parties. Now he eliminated his social activities almost completely. He saw comparatively few people, usually only some who lived in the neighborhood of whom he was fond.

Every night promptly at ten o'clock he walked a few blocks to his favorite bar, a place called Café Lafitte in Exile, and had two drinks. During the past year he claimed this was his only recreation. He might sit for several hours talking to people he knew who happened to be there or to Tom Caplinger, the proprietor, but he kept to his ration of two drinks. Friends learned that this was the place they could find him, and if they wanted to see him enough they could go there any night at ten o'clock.

On the night of his death, when his body was already gone to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, for burial, I went to Café Lafitte in Exile. It is one of those bars that is virtually a club, where everyone knows everyone else, and if by chance a stranger appears he soon knows everyone there, too. That night everyone was talking about Bill March. They both discussed him and argued about him. Someone would say it was a good way to die and a good time to die, and someone else would say it was not. They talked of his writing and things he had said, and why certain ways of his had been as they were, and why others were not so. Accounts of his passing were clipped from the newspapers and tacked on the walls. At least two people wept. In a way this was his wake. I think it all would have pleased Bill, poor pilgrim, poor stranger.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## WEIRD WOOINGS

Howard Mumford Jones of Cambridge, Massachusetts, presents ten eccentric courtships taken from a variety of literary sources which he asks you to uncover. Seven correct answers should arouse some slight enthusiasm, eight or nine should give you innocent pleasure, and you can't possibly do better than get all ten. Answers on page 38.

1. What itinerant vendor of needles and pins was suddenly wooed and won by a sea captain because he had been reduced in rank within the hour?
2. What heiress, wooed by a man in love with and loved by another woman, unsuspectingly made the proposed marriage impossible by making it possible?
3. Who, because of the opposition of her family, could be wooed only as she took her hair down?
4. What lady of great poetical sensibility, having lost her husband shortly after their war marriage, later discovered, through witnessing an odd duel, that she had been wooed and won by a faithful friend?
5. What mother of a son in partnership with his bachelor father insisted upon being wooed as protection against unfavorable atmospheric conditions?
6. Who was wooed by having vegetable marrow thrown at her over a wall?
7. Which of two sisters, daughters of a wealthy stockman, was won without being wooed or wanted?
8. The wooing of what married lady, mainly carried on by water, began with an escaped parrot and ended with a failure to escape assassination?
9. Who, having been wooed by a nobleman disguised as a student, in gratitude demanded to be killed disguised as a man substituting for a nobleman?
10. Who was wooed by a cousin carrying an unusual flower on behalf of another man at the suggestion of the cousin's mistress?

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## The Slavic World

*Continued from page 21*

scores of new mines and thousands of large new plants, mostly supposed to produce capital goods as a basis for further industrial production." He explains the "aims of enforced industrialization" as follows: "The first is the numerical increase of factory workers who, as proletarians, are supposed to be not only the cream of society but convinced Communists as well . . . The second aim was defined on many occasions by Stalin. According to him, the Socialist transformation of society can be achieved and kept secure only by a steady growth in heavy industrial production, which at any given time must exceed the increase of light customer-serving industries and of agriculture."

The reader will find many other observations by Mr. Wszelaki which are in sharp contrast to the points of view set forth by his fellow Pole Mr. Mikolajczyk, and other contributors to this volume of essays.

For the student and general reader interested in such problems, "Challenge in Eastern Europe" is an important and thought-provoking book. This reviewer, however, remains puzzled. These essays point up the fact

that the prewar governments did not try hard enough to provide the bare necessities for their peoples, and that the Communists have provided far less. When and what form of government will come forward to put shoes on the feet of *all* the people in Eastern Europe?

## Wandering Race

**JEWS BEHIND THE CURTAIN:** In 1948 the American Jewish Committee undertook a research project on the situation of the Jews in Soviet Russia and her satellite nations. The Committee-sponsored "Jews in the Soviet Union," by Solomon M. Schwarz, published several years ago, proved to be a substantial, informative, and frightening study of how the Jews are persecuted under the Communist regime. **"The Jews in the Soviet Satellites"** (Syracuse University Press, $6.50), the final volume in the AJC's project, is as thorough and devastating a report as its predecessor. This book includes six separate studies dealing with Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, as well as a supplementary study of Eastern Poland after its occupation by the Soviets in 1939. The entire work was ready for 1951 publication, but has been brought up to date to include the Slansky trial in Prague, deportations and purges in Hungary, and other recent events which clearly indicate the pattern of anti-Semitism followed by the satellites as well as by the Russian colossus.

The contributors are Peter Meyer on Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria; Bernard D. Weinryb on Poland and Poland under Soviet rule; Eugene Duschinsky on Hungary; and Nicolas Sylvain on Rumania. It is a monumental and lucid study which makes clear, by virtue of massive documentation and scholarship, that all Communist nations persecute their Jews and make life, as Jews, impossible for them.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 578

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 578 will be found in the next issue.*

TK SFX PIIC XFTG KSFK

KSI DCJO EIFXDC RDE

UFC'X KFBTCH F LTRI TX

KSFK LTKSDZK DCI JTRI

TX KDD ZCKEDZPJIG.

—JFCHGDC UTKQSIJJ.

*Answer to No. 577*

Knowledge is the thing you know and how can you know more than you do know.—Gertrude Stein.

## Personal History

*Continued from page 19*

with her to Russia to visit friends and some of the famous authors she had translated. It was a long and wild journey ending on an estate near Tolstoy's home, for the railroads were blocked with troop trains headed for the Japanese war. Later, though she had admired Lenin, Constance's opinion of the Bolsheviks changed. She called them "a set of self-righteous crooks," and David was saved from the fate of being brought up as a young Communist.

The most captivating chapters of "The Golden Echo" are David Garnett's recollections of his adventures with the friends of his boyhood and youth, his happy, free companionship on long walking trips, or while sleeping in the scented hay in barns and in the huts they had built in the woods. There is a universality of love and tenderness and vigorous health amongst these young people that has been gilded by the author's memory of days long departed. He was devoted to D. H. Lawrence and Frieda, gay in the first year of marriage, and toured abroad with them. The younger people, girls and youths, many of them to become celebrated and others, like Rupert Brooke, to have a tragic death, were astonishingly free to go and come.

In retrospect, it was a romantic era which cannot now exist. The glorious days, the bright mornings and clear evenings which he recalls so clearly were part of youth's heritage. The four Olivier girls were beautiful in their different ways, and he went on many expeditions with them. Once after boating and swimming all day they found a Dutch barn full of hay and decided not to go home. "To fall asleep," he writes, "within a yard or two of a lovely girl without a thought of trying to make love to her was natural to me at eighteen. It was simply part of the social climate in which I was brought up and had nothing to do with innocence or its reverse, not a matter of morality but of manners." They cycled through woods at night listening to nightingales, and walked ninety miles to Dover and stayed with Percival Gibbon for a night. When they talked together it was of "books and ethics, or politics; all long-forgotten nonsense; but the companionship of flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and lovely, rippling tresses of dark hair through four gray winter days was happiness." "The Golden Echo" is full of love and affection for all that nature provides.

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# The Sea

*Continued from page 16*

out to sea seemed to me, at the time, about the most damn foolish. It probably looked that way to Lieutenant Walling too when I first introduced you. But it didn't take five minutes for you to win him over. Lieutenant Walling was a seaman, and every seaman knows that the day may come when he will be fighting against the sea for his life, perhaps for many days. What you proposed to do was to fight that battle for all seamen, armed with all your knowledge as a trained physician and a student of the nutrient qualities of the sea—in short, to be a voluntary castaway so that future castaways might better know how to save their lives when the sea would seek to overwhelm them.

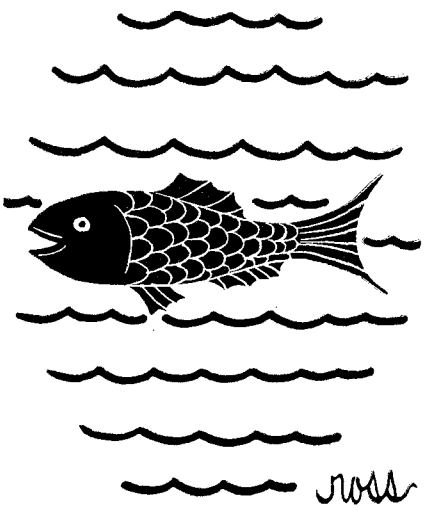
It was a wild day, with the crowd finally dispersing at sundown, convinced you were a fraud because you hadn't started off on schedule. They never saw your departure at five A.M. in a choppy sea when the American launch rounded the breakwater with the *Hérétique* in tow. They were not witness to that moment when, ten miles out in the windy Mediterranean, the launch cast you adrift and, with a final salute, turned off to leave you and your friend alone with your ordeal.

Few people knew, or cared, what happened after that. There were brief notices in the newspapers: you had come and gone from Minorca; you had landed in Tangiers; you had left Tangiers alone aboard the raft because Palmer, convinced that to continue would be suicide, had abandoned the experiment; you put out from Casablanca, made the Canary Islands, and then one day left them for that last long leg across the empty South Atlantic.

No one but you will ever realize completely what you endured in those lone weeks in the Atlantic. Like Maurice Herzog's climb to the summit of Annapurna and his descent in agony, your experiment became a supreme achievement of man. Your words, between the covers of a book, convey it haltingly, with a profound emotion; how else could it be? How to describe the feelings of a man as he mends a torn sail in a storm, knowing that the thread with which he stitches it is the thread of life itself? How can you make people understand what it feels like to wait, through nights and days of mountainous waves, for the one wave which will finish you? How to communicate the despair of not knowing your true position, of believing yourself to be within a hundred miles, or thirty miles of land after six weeks at sea, two weeks of calm; and yet not being sure? You did not even have a radio to call an SOS; those who wanted to exploit you had seen to that. How can you make people feel what it is like to live for weeks on end on a diet of raw fish and fish juice, with an occasional spoonful of plankton?

In all the annals of the sea there is no tale of a passage such as yours, because you did what you did voluntarily. And I believe the history of seafaring holds no moment more inspiring than that aboard the British freighter *Arakaka* when, after fifty-three days adrift, you refused the captain's offer to stay on board and elected to complete your voyage, knowing that you still had 600 miles to go. Her captain spoke for seamen everywhere when, learning of your safe arrival in Barbados, he cabled: "Congratulations to a gallant gentleman who had so much courage in his convictions to carry on when safety and luxury were offered."

That is what I remember most about you, Alain—your indomitable



courage and your faith in your convictions in the face of all who, early or late in your venture, decried you as a fool. Faith in life is what really pulled you through. Faith in life is what we need so much today, when faith in death appears to be man's answer to his problems. Would to God we all had as much faith in life as you.

# Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

**ABOARD THE *FLYING SWAN*.** By Stanley Wolpert. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75. A first novel about a young salt who returns to his ship after three years' absence in fear that he may lose his Third Assistant's ticket through incompetency. He doesn't and, in the meantime, there are plenty of bellowing moments everywhere from the boiler room to a house of pleasure ashore.

**AMERICAN WAYS OF LIFE.** By George R. Stewart. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Mr. Stewart, the wide-ranging author of "Fire" and "Storm," here investigates, for the special benefit of foreign peoples as well as ourselves, the origins and cause of various American customs: eating habits, clothing, housing, personal names, etc.

**ARTS OF LIVING.** By the Editors of *Vogue*. Simon & Schuster. $3. Twenty demitasse-sized essays on how to live and breathe taken from the pages of *Vogue* (1951-1953). They are written by such winners as Rebecca West, Elizabeth Bowen, Oliver La Farge, Jean Stafford, Frank Dobie, and Ernest Dimnet.

**THE GIANT CACTUS FOREST AND ITS WORLD.** By Paul Griswold Howes. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $7.50. A prickly study of the great saguaro, or giant cactus, stands in Arizona, and the related cacti and the vegetable and animal life that functions around these plants.

**THE GIRL'S JOURNEY.** By Enid Bagnold. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A reissue of two of Miss Bagnold's earlier novels—"The Happy Foreigner" (1920) and "The Squire" (1938). The action is set in France after the First World War.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEATRE.** By Frank M. Whiting. Harper & Bros. $6. A cultural survey of the theatre in the Western world, from the days when Aristophanes was tickling Athens to the present Last Stand of Broadway. The author is a professor of dramatics at the University of Minnesota.

**JUNGLE GREEN.** By Arthur Campbell. Little, Brown & Co. $4. An account, by a British officer, of fighting Communist guerillas in the Malayan jungle.

**LIFE PLANNING FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.** By William J. Reilly. Harper & Bros. $2.75. Water wings for the yearly army of youths who must, whether the water is warm or not, plunge into the Great Swim of Life.

**LOST ISLAND.** By Graham McInnes. World Publishing Co. $3.50. A mint julep about a meteorologist who discovers a lost island in the Pacific which Sir Francis Drake had first set foot on, and which had then vanished to reappear, and at the end of the book, vanish again—presumably forever.

**100 STORIES OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.** By the Editors of *Fortune*. Simon & Schuster. $2.95. A culling from the "Short Stories of Enterprise" section of *Fortune* magazine, in which are told the success stories of such businesses as Arnold bread, Zippo lighters, Barton candies, and Vornado fans.

**PYGMIES AND DREAM GIANTS.** By Kilton Stewart. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. An account of a field trip the author, who is an anthropologist, took into the mountains of the Philippines, the locale of the primitive Negritos.

**RAPTURE IN MY RAGS.** By Phyllis Hastings. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. About a country girl who is considered daft by her neighbors, and who spends her life taking care of her rusty father until, one day, she makes a scarecrow, the scarecrow somehow changes into a man, and the man turns out to be a murderer, her lover, and the cause of her finally doing away with her old man.

**THE WHITE SAND OF SHIRAHAMA.** By Kenneth Lamott. Little, Brown & Co. $3. Life in a summer colony of missionaries in Japan.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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# Fiction

*Continued from page 13*

economics academy . . . for cribbing his sock-darning exam.

Only a bounder would discuss a Wodehouse plot in any detail, but it seems to this reader that Jeeves's solution to the dilemma of the ninth Earl of Towcester is a bit on the drastic side. The ninth Earl is firmly behind the eight ball, having temporarily lost his income and his betrothed, not to speak of having acquired the enmity of a bettor on whom he has welshed. But Jeeves's masterminding seems to have been slightly infected by an unwonted mood of postwar recklessness. Desperado or no, it is good to meet Jeeves again, and to find that time has not staled his giant intellect.

—M. L.

**CHINESE GOAT-BOY:** On parts of the earth where cattle cannot flourish goats thrive. Since America is a cattle-raising nation, the average American's image of goats is, I suspect, derived from cartoons and newsreels of Annapolis football games. I wish Augusta Walker had considered this possibility before offering the American reading public her short novel **"Around a Rusty God"** (Dial, $3), about a Chinese boy who learns something of the joy and agony of life from the experience of raising a pair of goats in China. Though told with sensitivity and at moments artistry, her story lacks the significance it might have had her symbols more meaning to her readers.

Beng Gow, a poor boy, is entrusted with the custody of two baby goats, who at once become the most important things in his life. From his devotion to these affectionate creatures he learns that "a real thing is a thing you care about" and that real things in life are rare and mortal. Most people don't care much about anything. Take the idol they worship. "He is always covered with spider webs and the temple is dirty. The things they put in little dishes in front of him are not worth anything." But if they cared about him he would be the real god.

Lucky Beng Gow to acquire such a sense of values as a boy. When the war comes and he is forced to part with his beloved pets he is able to do so without bitterness. He knows that the goats are grown and no longer need him, and that he will come to care about something else in time. He will not worship the rusty god of indifference.

"Around a Rusty God" shows an ability to write about children without sentimentality. Miss Walker knows that life can be both terrible and wonderful. But her tale is too slight and her subject too remote to do full justice to ideas and feelings that are far from commonplace today.

—Robert Minton.

**BABE IN THE BROADWAY WOODS:** The right foot which Harry Essex puts in in **"I Put My Right Foot In"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), is, figuratively speaking, his main character's first step into the world of the theatre as a playwright. This Danny Wolfe, the playwright, has a well-intentioned product, but he is a wiseacre with all the answers, and it is to Mr. Essex's credit that he still manages to elicit both sympathy and understanding.

You see, Danny is dimly aware that show business is back-biting business, and so he goes right on in and tries to produce his drama with the help—and the hindrance—of a couple of conniving producers, an alcoholic actor, and a down-and-out option buyer who, in this case, stands for the forces of good. Every now and then Danny does have to flee to his parents on Coney Island to think things over and, then, naturally enough, every time he comes back to Manhattan he is swinging crazier than ever.

That is, however, until his play folds into shambles on opening night and he is left the sadder and wiser guy that he—and you, because Mr. Essex does very skilfully make you care—were afraid that he might become.

—John Haverstick.


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# Television Without Commercials

*Continued from page 8*

if we stop taking meals, so nature will not forgive us if we terminate our education when we finish school. The fact that most adults do stop feeding their minds produces a mental listlessness comparable to what happens to the body when physical nourishment is stopped. The mental listlessness of most of the adult population is reflected in the irresponsibility which characterizes our political behavior and the way we spend our leisure.

Television may be the apparatus that will enable our educational and cultural institutions to feed the minds of the adult population. But if we are to use it wisely, we must recognize the limitations as well as the potentialities of television as an instrument of liberal education. The art of responsible citizenship and the artful use of leisure time depend on the acquisition of certain moral and intellectual habits. We know that good habits are not formed simply by observing or admiring them, but through practice. Watching television is not a process through which skills are acquired or habits are formed (although watching television itself sometimes becomes an addiction). Television can be a useful instrument of liberal education insofar as it prompts us to exercise our specifically human powers in activities of more intrinsic value than watching television.

THE principal aim of noncommercial television, it seems to me, should be to show us models of what is best in art and thought. These stations can serve the highest ends of education by projecting throughout the land in a vivid way what Whitehead called "the habitual vision of greatness." By bringing into our homes some of the finest exemplars and most impressive examples of human achievement, television can provide us with images of the ideal that may have compelling effect on our own behavior. As Sir Richard Livingston put it, "Knowledge of the first-rate gives direction, purpose, and drive: direction, because it shows what is good as well as what is bad; purpose, because it reveals an ideal to pursue; drive, because an ideal stirs to action."

Noncommercial TV stations should acquaint us with the best in music, drama, literature, and the fine arts. They should introduce us to some of the fields of science, history, and philosophy. They should deal fully and forthrightly with the important problems that face our communities, the nation, and the world.

There have been some exceptional moments on commercial television that show that this can be done. Noncommercial stations should have the time and independence to do these things regularly, systematically, and well. Television is not truly educational if it merely transmits information. Education relates to the level of understanding rather than information. Liberated from the tyranny of time imposed by the economic exigencies of commercial television, the noncommercial stations should give men with the requisite background and competence all the time they need to explore basic issues. Because of the compulsion to feature exciting shows that will hold huge audiences, commercial television seems to favor in its broadcasting of public issues those gladiatorial contests in which the participants are encouraged to let their hostilities run riot—with the result that more heat is generated than light. The adventures of Private Schine would attract many more viewers than hearings on the problems of Indochina or public housing. The new stations may show us models of how rational animals should discuss important questions which may be even more significant educationally than the answers to the questions. They can provide a striking contrast to the other mass media if their treatment of basic issues emphasizes the virtues of the dialectic rather than the digest.

HOW are the purposes of educational television being implemented? How will noncommercial stations be controlled and financed?

In several states the legislatures are considering the appropriation of public funds for statewide networks to be operated by educational authorities. This approach has already been adopted in Oklahoma and Alabama, where farsighted governors took the lead, and has also been rejected in a few states (notably New York). It is to be hoped that, where this plan is followed, the legislators' enthusiasm will be matched by their restraint. If government financing leads to political interference, educational television is due for some sorry experiences.

In some communities where one educational institution is dominant the license for operating the station will be held by that institution, with other agencies cooperating in the use of it. Examples are Madison, East Lansing, and Chapel Hill, where the University of Wisconsin, Michigan State College, and the University of North Carolina will operate the stations. Control by one established institution is the case in Houston and Los Angeles, where the University of Houston and the University of Southern California happen to have substantial funds for the operation.

HOWEVER, most of the pioneer noncommercial stations on the air will be controlled in a manner entirely new to American broadcasting. This new approach is illustrated by St. Louis, which has created an independent agency—the St. Louis Educational Television Commission—for the sole purpose of operating an educational television station. This nonprofit corporation is independent of all agencies of government. It represents the interests of all the community's educational and cultural institutions without being controlled by any of them. Its board of trustees includes fourteen educational, business, labor, legal, and civic leaders, and all of the trustees serve as representatives of the general public rather than of particular institutions with which they happen to be affiliated. St. Louis will have a true community television station. This pattern, with some variations, is being adopted in Chicago, Detroit, New York, San Francisco, Memphis.

The St. Louis Educational Television Commission resolved to raise funds sufficient to assemble the kind of staff and equipment needed to achieve professional standards of broadcasting. Substantial economies will be realized by using students and part-time employes to assist the nucleus of experienced professionals. Studios are located on the campus of Washington University. St. Louis University is providing the broadcasting tower and space for transmitter facilities. The public schools in more than a score of municipalities, the parochial schools, both universities, the libraries, art museum, and numerous civic and cultural agencies have committed their

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### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Little Buttercup in "H.M.S. Pinafore" (Gilbert). 2. Milly Teale in "The Wings of the Dove" (James). 3. Rapunzel in "Grimm's Fairy Tales." 4. Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Rostand). 5. The fair young maid in "The Foggy, Foggy Dew" (traditional). 6. Mrs. Nickleby in "Nicholas Nickleby" (Dickens). 7. Leah in Genesis xxix. 8. "She" in "In a Gondola" (Browning). 9. Gilda in "Rigoletto" (libretto by Francesco Maria Pave after Victor Hugo). 10. Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier" (libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal).

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esources to a cooperative plan of programming. Father Paul Reinert, he President of St. Louis University, stated in a speech recently that the breadth and depth of this cooperation vas unique in the city's history, the inest example of good human relaions that the city had ever seen. Superintendent Philip Hickey of the St. Louis Public Schools has said that he moral principle demonstrated in he cooperative building of the station s of greater educational value than ny program that could possibly be elecast. Chancellor Arthur Compton, of Washington University, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist, noted that his was an inspiring symbol of how social inventiveness can match scienific inventiveness to put a powerful new instrument to good use.

The St. Louis Educational Television Commission raised assets worth nearly $1,000,000. Grants for the building and equipment made by Arthur Baer, a St. Louis department store executive, and by the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education when combined with the value of the properties made available by the two universities represent capital assets of about $500,000. Approximately one-half of the annual operating budget of $300,000 is being met by payments from more than twenty school systems in the metropolitan area, at the annual rate of one dollar per student in consideration of in-school and after-school programming for the children. An appeal was made to the general public to meet the larger part of the operating budget for the first three-year period through voluntary contributions. The response has been gratifying. Leading corporations have made gifts of substantial proportions; labor organizations have also done their part. Perhaps the most significant result was achieved by more than six thousand mothers who made an aggressive door-to-door campaign and raised more than $100,000 in small contributions, nearly all of which was collected during one evening. This broad base of financial support should strengthen the independence of the operation. Since everyone owns Channel 9 in St. Louis, no one owns it.

The St. Louis experience is being paralleled in other cities. About $800,000 has been raised in large and small contributions in the Chicago metropolitan area. Seventy-thousand people in Pittsburgh are paying two dollars a year to subscribe to their educational station's monthly publication, *Program Previews*. There is growing evidence to support the view that a television station can be financed through voluntary contributions. We are finding that there is a way for a community to get a broadcasting service that is controlled by neither government nor commercial interests. The power of television can be used for public enlightenment by an independent agency insulated from the influence of politicians or advertisers.

IT IS in consideration of some very attractive promises about program service that communities are giving initial support to noncommercial stations. Will the stations have the resources in men and money to do the quality programming that will merit continued support? The FCC has relieved them of the requirement placed on commercial broadcasters of being on the air at least a prescribed minimum number of hours. It would be financially and educationally sound for the noncommercial stations to adopt a policy of being dark in those hours when they cannot be really bright.

Fortunately, no station will have to rely on local resources alone for programming. The Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education has made a contribution to our national life of inestimable value by supporting the creation of a national center to stimulate the production and distribution of high-quality programs among the noncommercial stations. The Educational Television and Radio Center, with headquarters at Ann Arbor, Michigan, is making grants for the production of programs at film and television centers here and abroad, and the Fund for Adult Education is giving Kinescope equipment to a number of cities so that the best programs of the educational stations may be reproduced for exchange purposes.

Some of the program series for which arrangements are underway include: a famous course on Shakespeare by Professor Frank Baxter of the University of Southern California which gained national attention through the large audience it attracted when first presented on a Los Angeles station; a series on child psychology produced at the University of Michigan; a series on present and potential uses of atomic energy produced with the cooperation of the Atomic Energy Commission; the rehearsals of one of the nation's leading symphony orchestras; a series of foreign art films featuring some of the world's great collections; a series of discussions by Mortimer J. Adler on the great ideas on which our democratic society is founded; an outstanding dramatic series by a professional producing organization; reports on the United Nations. An exchange of programs with the television systems of other nations may contribute significantly


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to the welding of the free-world community. Arrangements have been completed for exchanging programs with the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The whole operation of the Educational Television and Radio Center could be sustained on a satisfactory level for less than the amount which one company spends for the high purpose of inspiring viewers to buy the right kinds of soap. According to *Advertising Age*, Proctor and Gamble spent $14,790,061 on network TV advertising in 1953.

IT SHOULD be emphasized that there is nothing in the advocacy of noncommercial television in America which suggests that it should replace our commercial system of broadcasting. The FCC satisfied the educators' request by reserving for noncommercial use only 12 per cent of the available television channels. The wisdom in having the two types of service exist side by side is confirmed by the material and moral support which commercial telecasters have given to the building of the educational stations in several cities. In this connection it is interesting to note that the British are now launching a system of commercial television alongside their long-established noncommercial service.

Unless noncommercial stations broadcast first-rate television, they will not hold an audience. That is why the management of the most promising stations will include professional producers and qualified technicians. Unless the programs represent first-rate educational and artistic values, the stations will not deserve an audience. That is why the key to their success will be found in the closest and most constructive type of collaboration between the television producers and the educators who must share responsibility for the substance of the programs. Good showmanship is needed, but in educational television the show is not the thing. The programs must be judged by their intrinsic excellence educationally rather than how large an audience they attract. And in evaluating the size of the audience it will be more significant to make comparisons with the small numbers who ordinarily would be exposed to the educational offering if there were no television rather than with the huge audiences watching the commercial television stations.

If these stations are to show us what is best in art and thought, they may have to risk unpopularity in the way that educators should and advertisers cannot. The best thinking is not always popular.

## NEW EDITIONS

# Around Theatres

IN MAY 1898 the *Saturday Review*, London, lost an old dramatic critic and gained a new one. "G. B. S." stepped out, and the young man whom he had dubbed "the incomparable Max"—with an indelibility that could not then have been foreseen—stepped in. Max Beerbohm began his tour of duty by explaining to his readers that he was quite incompetent to perform the critical function he had undertaken. Among other things, he remarked: "I am not fond of the theatre." He then proceeded to demonstrate, week after week, year after year, for twelve years, a competence that was always delightful and often deadly. It made no difference on what aspect of the theatre he chose to write; he might write of Coquelin in "Cyrano," the comparative virtues of the old and new schools of acting, James Welch's comic-tragic genius, the tenth-rate stuff of Jerome Klapka Jerome, the everlasting sameness of Duse, the absurdity of Bernhardt's "Hamlet," Shaw's failure in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the requirements of the Grand Guignol type of theatre, humbug among playgoers, Gordon Craig, twaddle, twaddle, twaddle, what makes "The Importance of Being Earnest" tick, the art and misdemeanors of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, "Ruy Blas" in the inappropriate blank verse of John Davidson, the famous Promenade of the Empire, "glittering with its habitual gloom"—he might write on these or hundreds of other topics, but he wrote always with wit, with knowledge, and with a critical sense that is best described as exquisite. I dearly wish I could have read his articles as they appeared. The next best thing is to read the book of selections that he made from them in 1924, "Around Theatres," first published in this country by Knopf, in 1930, and now given to us in a new, one-volume edition by Simon & Schuster ($6). Max Beerbohm has lived long enough to be a contemporary of his own legend. What happier consummation could a born satirist crave?

Also from Simon & Schuster, and from one of our own dramatic critics, comes "Cavalcade of Comedy" ($7.50), an anthology of twenty-one plays from Jonson and Wycherley to Thurber and Coward, edited, with introductions, by Louis Kronenberger. Most of the editor's choices are obvious ones, but an anthology of this kind, designed to be popular, should not be a playground for eccentric judgments. Among the less obvious entries it is good to see Mayer's "Children of Darkness," and not unpleasant to meet up again with George Kelly's "The Show-Off." In his own contributions to the volume Mr. Kronenberger writes well and intelligently, as always, but I am surprised to hear him say: "After reading virtually any Restoration comedy, we must deplore the often nasty emphasis it puts on sex . . ." He must, I suppose, have asked himself how much, or how little, would be left of Restoration comedy without that emphasis.

Max Beerbohm sagely predicted in 1898 that "Cyrano" would prove an enduring classic. He also declared that "to translate it into English were a terrible imposition to set anyone, and not even the worst offender in literature deserves such a punishment." His warning has gone unheeded; translators have vied with one another, if not with their original. Louis Untermeyer's version is, I think, as pleasing as any. He does not find it necessary to speak always at the top of his lungs, and he conveys into English much of Rostand's tenderness as well as his *panache*. The Untermeyer version may be found in the Heritage Press edition of "Cyrano de Bergerac" ($5), with illustrations drawn by Pierre Brissaud.

The Arden Shakespeare's "Henry V" (Harvard, $2.50), edited by J. H. Walter, follows the First Folio quite closely and is furnished with an interesting introduction and useful notes. As I have said before, the Arden is an excellent reading edition. The Yale Shakespeare, of which I have seen "As You Like It," edited by S. C. Burchell, and "Twelfth Night," edited by William P. Holden ($1.50 each), is comparable to the little Temple Shakespeare, long a favorite. "Selected Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed"—once fashionable, long neglected—is the latest addition to the charmingly designed, well-edited Muses' Library (Harvard, $3.60). Tolstoy's last and first novels, neither well known, both interesting—"Family Happiness" and "The Devil"—translated by April FitzLyon, have been issued in one volume by the British Book Centre ($3).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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# SR's Library Poll

MANY authors have no family scandals from which to milk material; others, presumably, want to keep their scandals just as secret as non-writing clans do. But it is the rare author indeed who can dredge up a skeleton as glamorous and lively as Daphne du Maurier's many-greats-grandmother "Mary Anne" (#6 on SR's list), the wheeler-dealer mistress and unmasker of the British Army's old royal rake, the Duke of York.

**TITLE AND AUTHOR**

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
4. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
5. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
6. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
7. **I Led Three Lives**
   by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
8. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
9. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
10. **Away All Boats**
    by Kenneth Dodson (F)
11. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
12. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
13. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
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14. **McCarthy and His Enemies**
    by William F. Buckley, Jr. (G)
15. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
16. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
17. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
18. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
19. **The Journey**
    by Lillian Smith (G)
20. **Seduction of the Innocent**
    by Fredric Wertham (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General


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(Continued on page 42)

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## PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1060

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Crystalline form, consisting of a double 12-sided pyramid. | 62 176 170 150 11 137 114 105 100 |
| B. Since 1300, synonymous with "Turkish." | 108 87 116 75 32 153 61 |
| C. The fur that Valentina says is "for football games"! | 112 59 190 71 |
| D. Entreated with urgency. | 161 10 46 141 54 184 44 196 |
| E. Undertake. | 173 119 187 77 12 167 64 |
| F. D. H. Lawrence's German brother-in-law, credited with bringing down 80 Allied planes in World War I. | 109 131 103 155 120 88 30 16 23 183 |
| G. Architect's word for the horizontal thrust of an arch. | 124 82 69 42 134 |
| H. Omar wondered what he "buys one-half so precious as the stuff" he sells. | 5 57 35 19 154 185 194 |
| I. Provoking repugnance. | 51 164 72 4 162 106 |
| J. Site of a great event, October 19, 1781. | 50 93 28 135 55 20 8 102 |
| K. Don Quixote's name for the imagined leader of the hostile army of sheep. | 177 149 65 29 168 127 98 26 21 81 70 |
| L. Doctrine that the Earth is the center of the universe, of divine plans, etc. | 158 143 92 147 33 118 58 125 193 18 171 24 79 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. Conclusion. | 101 123 22 146 85 174 |
| N. Describing beer or ale as served from a barrel (2 wds.). | 1 90 34 160 17 63 15 192 163 |
| O. Any object of superstitious fear. | 52 179 83 27 139 152 |
| P. A mineral much used in road making. | 43 115 89 80 68 36 95 128 |
| Q. A minim in music (2 wds.). | 9 38 138 66 2 60 129 159 |
| R. Applicant for admission. | 104 157 86 39 189 53 151 |
| S. Last. | 121 78 97 181 107 41 166 40 |
| T. Monster with whom the Red Cross Knight had his first adventure ("Faerie Queene"). | 110 31 132 96 142 |
| U. Jauntily careless. | 56 117 148 169 73 130 |
| V. Improved in moral knowledge. | 45 49 13 91 136 165 67 |
| W. To balance; to embellish. | 47 175 126 74 |
| X. Break into. | 99 186 7 156 37 191 |
| Y. In many card games, four cards of a suit in sequence. | 144 48 84 76 178 |
| Z. A speculative treatise in late Vedic literature. | 145 25 182 14 111 133 188 122 94 |
| Z¹. Figuratively, a sovereign mistress. | 6 140 113 180 3 195 172 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

*Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | 1 N | 2 Q | 3 Z¹ | ■ | 4 I | 5 H | 6 Z¹ | 7 X | 8 J | 9 Q | 10 D | 11 A | 12 E | 13 V | 14 Z | 15 N |
| ■ | 16 F | 17 N | 18 L | 19 H | 20 J | 21 K | ■ | 22 M | 23 F | 24 L | 25 Z | 26 K | 27 O | 28 J | ■ | 29 K |
| 30 F | 31 T | 32 B | 33 L | 34 N | ■ | 35 H | 36 P | ■ | 37 X | 38 Q | 39 R | 40 S | ■ | 41 S | 42 G | ■ |
| 43 P | 44 D | 45 V | ■ | 46 D | 47 W | 48 Y | 49 V | 50 J | ■ | 51 I | 52 O | ■ | 53 R | 54 D | 55 J | 56 U |
| 57 H | 58 L | 59 C | 60 Q | 61 B | ■ | 62 A | 63 N | 64 E | ■ | 65 K | 66 Q | ■ | 67 V | 68 P | 69 G | 70 K |
| 71 C | ■ | 72 I | 73 U | ■ | 74 W | 75 B | 76 Y | 77 E | ■ | 78 S | 79 L | 80 P | 81 K | 82 G | 83 O | 84 Y |
| 85 M | 86 R | ■ | 87 B | 88 F | 89 P | 90 N | ■ | 91 V | 92 L | 93 J | 94 Z | ■ | 95 P | 96 T | 97 S | 98 K |
| 99 X | 100 A | 101 M | 102 J | 103 F | 104 R | ■ | 105 A | 106 I | ■ | 107 S | 108 B | 109 F | 110 T | ■ | 111 Z | 112 C |
| 113 Z¹ | 114 A | 115 P | 116 B | 117 U | 118 L | 119 E | ■ | 120 F | 121 S | 122 Z | 123 M | ■ | 124 G | 125 L | 126 W | 127 K |
| 128 P | ■ | 129 Q | 130 U | 131 F | 132 T | 133 Z | 134 G | ■ | 135 J | 136 V | 137 A | 138 Q | 139 O | ■ | 140 Z¹ | 141 D |
| 142 T | 143 L | ■ | 144 Y | 145 Z | 146 M | 147 L | 148 U | 149 K | 150 A | ■ | 151 R | 152 O | 153 B | 154 H | ■ | 155 F |
| 156 X | 157 R | 158 L | 159 Q | 160 N | ■ | 161 D | 162 I | 163 N | ■ | 164 I | 165 V | 166 S | 167 E | 168 K | 169 U | 170 A |
| ■ | 171 L | 172 Z¹ | ■ | 173 E | ■ | 174 M | 175 W | 176 A | 177 K | 178 Y | 179 O | 180 Z¹ | ■ | 181 S | 182 Z | 183 F |
| 184 D | 185 H | 186 X | ■ | 187 E | 188 Z | 189 R | 190 C | ■ | 191 X | 192 N | 193 L | 194 H | 195 Z¹ | 196 D | ■ | ■ |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.



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*Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle Salt Lake City*

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